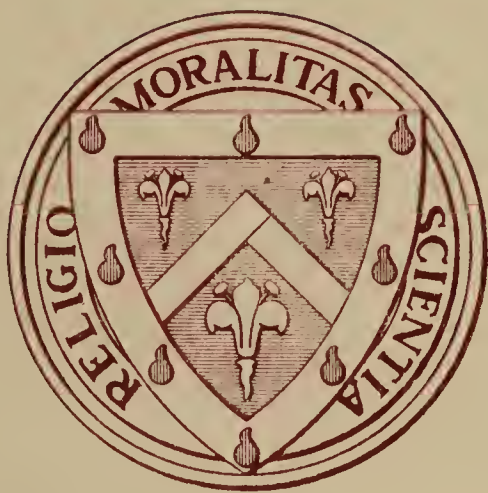


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CONTENTS

THE POETRY OF ALICE MEYNELL	William Callahan	177
THE BRIDLED GIANT	Joseph Sciulli	181
TOODY	William Kramer	183
THE CATHOLIC ARTIST	Norman Fisher	185
THE IMAGINATION	John McCarthy	189
ALMOST LOST <i>Story</i>	Richard Trame	192
HAMLET THE HERO	Robert Kaple	197
"CATHEDRALS IN SOUND"	Alvin Druhman	199
TRAVELING WITH THE BEST	Paul Gillig	205
MEMORIES <i>Poem</i>	Edward Gruber	206
THE SECRET OF IT ALL <i>Story</i>	Norbert Sweeterman	207
STEEL	Anthony Flynn	210
EDITORIALS		213
CRITICISM		216
<i>Books</i>		216
<i>Films</i>		218
<i>Magazines</i>		219
EXCHANGES		223
ALUMNI		225
CAMPUS		227
<i>Clubs</i>		227
<i>Locals</i>		229
SPORTS		231



Alice Meynell

From a drawing by John S. Sargent, R.A.

THE POETRY OF ALICE MEYNELL*

By William Callahan '37

More than two thousand years ago, the one great poetess of antiquity, Sappho of Lesbos, wrote her never-to-be-forgotten love lyrics, lyrics which have passed through the almost infallible criterion of centuries. Even now, although nothing but fragments of her works remain, these very fragments are acclaimed as gems of the highest poetic quality. Our own age has been blessed with another and a greater Sappho, Alice Meynell, a poetess whose works well deserve to rank alongside the very best of her illustrious predecessor. For Mrs. Meynell has not merely reached, she has surpassed the heights attained by the lays of the "Lesbian Lyre."

Sappho, even at her best, held for her theme nothing but the natural, passing beauty of this life; Mrs. Meynell has treated natural beauty to be sure, but she has blended and transcended her expression of it into something of a far more intellectual, more beautiful, and more spiritual nature. Sappho, indeed, produced poetic roses; Mrs. Meynell added to these roses a more delicate fragrance and a more mature coloring than Sappho ever could have dreamed. As Turner lent new meaning to art by his skillful and beautiful use of shafts of light, so Mrs. Meynell seems to have elevated her works by diffusing all her

poetry with the soft yet penetrating light of a spiritual, superior depth of thought all her own.

Perhaps it is this diffusion of a certain aura or atmosphere of something superior, something hardly comprehensible about her poetry, that is the outstanding and prevailing quality of her work. As Shelley enhanced the beauty of his creations and expressed himself more fully by the use of a so-called natural radiance or light, so Mrs. Meynell has lent an infinitely greater beauty to her work by setting off her paintings of natural beauty through the use of an intellectually and spiritually elevating background. Alfred Noyes has very aptly pointed out that Mrs. Meynell should be read "by those whose love of poetry claims them wholly — making demands on the intellect as well as on the senses."

For one with as great talents as Alice Meynell undoubtedly possessed, she has shown a remarkable and almost blame-worthy restraint. Her total number of poems exceeds the hundred mark only by a few. But whatever her works may lack in quantity is amply made up for by their exceptional quality. Each and everyone is a literary jewel; she has indeed been reticent, but in the end she has produced nothing but masterpieces.

* Photo reproduced by courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons.

And in spite of the fact that she was by no means prolific, she has succeeded in giving her poetry the added charm of remarkably diverse subject matter.

It is interesting to note, however, that Mrs. Meynell, even while she has written on a variety of themes, has at the same time shown a peculiar bent toward certain concepts or trends of thought. Just as some other poets have shown in their writings a definite and personal proclivity toward light or fire or some other such idea, so Mrs. Meynell seems to be attracted by the idea of silence. She has in fact written an exquisite tribute to it in her apostrophe, "To Silence." In it she seems to explain in part her compactness of expression, and her reticence in regard to her writing in general:

"..... Thy fine intrusion do I trace
Thy afterthoughts, thy wanderings,
thy grace within the poet's line,
Thy secret is the song to be,
Music had never stature but for thee,
Man, on his way to silence, stops to
hear and see."

It is, however, not only in this formal tribute that she expresses her love of silence. In a love lyric, "To The Beloved," she again weaves in the same idea:

"Oh, not more subtly silence strays
Amongst the winds, between the
voices,
Mingling alike with pensive lays,
And with the music that rejoices
Than thou art present in my days.
.....snatches of thee everywhere
Make little heavens throughout a day."

But, although she has given sufficient space to the expression of her personal,

perhaps even eccentric whims, this fact has in no way narrowed or impaired the field of her writing. She has extended her scope from the most mature and thought-provoking observations on life to the delicate but light tenderness of a love sonnet; from the sublime beauty of all nature to the more sublime beauties beyond nature.

Mrs. Meynell's "To A Daisy" somehow reminds one of Wordsworth's "Daffodils," and beautiful though "Daffodils" is, it is Wordsworth who will suffer by the comparison. Witness the intellectual depth she has lent even to such a simple nature apostrophe as "To A Daisy:"

"Slight as thou art, thou art enough
to hide
Like all created things from me,
And stand a barrier to eternity,
And I, how can I praise thee well
and wide
From where I dwell — upon the
hither side."

With her usual spiritual undertone and simple beauty she ends with:

"O daisy mine, what will it be to
look
From God's side even of such a
simple thing."

Again in the poem, "In Early Spring," the same general tenor of construction is brought out. She opens with:

"O spring I know thee! Seek for
sweet surprise
In the young children's eyes,
But I have learnt the years, and
know the yet
Leaf-folded violet."

THE POETRY OF ALICE MEYNELL

But in closing, she reverts to her ever-insistent insertion of something beyond the merely natural as she says:

“My heart and all the Summer
wait his choice,
And wonder for his voice,
Who shall foretell his songs, and
who aspire
But to divine his lyre?
Sweet earth, we know thy dimmest
mysteries,
But he is lord of his.”

Her social poems, if they can really be classed as such, and her general attitude in her composition, are perhaps best expressed in “Builders of Ruins” and “Lady Poverty.” Both of these selections are beautifully written and have great depth of thought, but they also show rather well her almost morbid outlook on life and on everything in our mundane existence. In fact, it seems even with a sense of futility that she says in the former:

“Who shall allot the praise, and
guess
What part is yours and what is
ours?
O years that certainly will bless
Our flowers with fruits, our seeds
with flowers,
With ruin all our perfectness.”

In “Lady Poverty” it is with the moderns especially that she seems to find fault. Her last stanza in particular is well worth repeating:

“Where is her ladyhood? Not here,
Not among modern kinds of men;
But in the stony fields, where clear

Through the thin trees the skies
appear,
Indelicate spare soil and fen,
And slender landscape and austere.”

Perhaps it would be well after such a somber denunciation to touch upon something of a lighter, less morbid vein. For this purpose her delightful short lyrics, “To Sleep” and “Unto Us A Son Is Given,” are surely outstanding. In the first with charming naturalness she says:

“Dear fool, be true to me!
The night is thine, man yields it,
it beseems
Thy ironic dignity,
Make me all night the innocent fool
that dreams.”

The second she dedicates as a tribute to the coming of the Christchild. Notice the simple reverence of these lines:

“New every year,
New born and newly dear,
He comes with tidings and a song,
The ages long, the ages long.”

The appreciative reader of Mrs. Meynell's volume will also do well to give special attention to her love lyrics and sonnets. For in these, more than in any of her other works, she expresses her own personality and reveals her own personal and intimate self. Two of them, “Renouncement” and “Thoughts in Separation,” together with the “Neophyte,” Alfred Noyes declares to be the three greatest sonnets ever written by a woman. Although this tribute may be true, Mr. Noyes should not have confined his encomium merely to her sonnets: her delicate love tributes in lyrical form surely

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

equal, and perhaps excel, her sonnets in point of metaphorical language and sheer emotional beauty. For combining the above good points in one harmonious whole, sufficiently restrained, yet sufficiently long, and expressive of her inmost soul, the love tribute "Regrets" is certainly outstanding. We feel that we have at least penetrated the seemingly unfathomable abstractness of her exterior, and discovered her deep-set emotional core, when we hear her express the eternal cry of the lovelorn:

"I would the day might come, so
waited for,
So patiently besought,
When I, returning, should fill up
once more
Thy desolated thought."

In trying to investigate her style, the critic finds himself somewhat at a loss because of a definite lack of matter for comparison. As Williamson states: "She was unhampered by the stress of contemporary thought." She was neither classicist nor romanticist, naturalist nor impressionist. Perhaps she was somewhat akin to Horace in so far as she has lifted herself from the bounds of any certain time by incorporating in her works an intellectual universality. But while Horace merely sipped of this well of inspiration, Mrs. Meynell has drunk deeply.

The musical quality of her work is not quite as pronounced as might have

been exacted by an Edgar Allen Poe, but so intimately and attractively has she interwoven the continuity of her thought that the reader is never separately conscious of the mere rhythm or music of a line. However, lest a wrong impression be given, in the great majority of her work she has succeeded in couching her thought in excellent musical language. In a few she has reached lyrical heights; especially has she accomplished this in "Soeur Monique," a rondeau; in "The Garden," a sonnet; and in "A Letter From A Girl To Her Own Old Age," a lyric.

To conclude, let us remember that in Mrs. Meynell we are dealing with no ordinary poet; for she deserves to rank among the truly great in Poetry's "Hall of Fame." True, she did not choose the methods of a Wordsworth or a Shelley in attaining her pinnacle; she did choose very excellent means of her own to finally set her, "waltzing on celestial heights." as Meredith has so well expressed his impressions of her poetry. In the field of modern poetry she has erected for herself a monumental pedestal that in size and grandeur is hardly even to be approached by any of her contemporaries. As a final tribute, we can think of no finer than that which Dixon applies to her prose: "It indicates the farthest point yet reached by English (poetry) along the line of its surest advance: and it is from its last page that its next advance must spring."

THE BRIDLED GIANT

By Joseph Sciulli '38

Many human voices may be likened to a giant shackled to a huge timber, struggling to set himself free. If this giant, the human voice imprisoned in the throat, were liberated it would make the very earth tremble. The whole world would bow before its power and beauty.

By endowing man with the free gift of voice God presented to him untold advantages over all other animals. The elephant with his mighty strength and size; the tiger with his litheness; even the serpent with his cunningness, cannot be compared to man. Because man possesses a mind plus the voice to convey his thoughts he is easily superior to all other animals.

It is true, there are other methods of communication, such as sign language. But this method, because of its limitation in conveying feeling and emotion, is very inadequate. How then is man to express his feeling and emotions? By the all-important voice which God gave him. Through this voice man becomes convincing, and succeeds in persuading others to accept new ideas. Through his voice man most commonly reveals the inmost recesses of his soul. Intellect speaks to intellect.

In ancient times the Greeks, Babylonians, and Persians kept their poems and stories alive not through writing but by constant recitation. We likewise reproduce events and tell stories by means of

the voice. Truly, we could write them, but the vividness and accuracy which is necessary to produce interest, and above all, beauty, would be lacking.

Beauty is certainly conveyed by the voice when human life is represented in drama. When we are moved by passages in drama, it is the beauty of the voice conveying the feelings and emotions of some character that effects this. Sorrow, happiness, despair, hope — all are splendidly portrayed by the speaking voice, which with all its magnificence brings forth the thoughts, feelings and emotions of a character through the actor.

Again, in music, which is often regarded as the highest art, the voice is the main factor. It is the voice combining words with music that produces the magnificent beauty heard in our grand operas, ballads, and cantatas; only the beauty of the voice renders such performances beautiful. Without the voice music would never have attained the heights which it holds today. If, therefore, the voice is so valuable, what stress should there not be on our care of it.

Because very little is known about the various parts of the voice, and because these are difficult to examine, they are often completely forgotten. Let us call to mind some of these organs. The vocal chords, or vocal lips, which are the source of all tone, are situated in the larynx. These pure white

chords, shaped like a capital A, are brought into contact with each other in producing tone. This meeting of the vocal chords is brought about by the aritinoids, which are located at the ends of the chords. If the voice is mistreated, or if one persists in speaking incorrectly, there is great danger of injuring the aritinoids so seriously as to cause paralysis of the chords. The sole cure for such paralysis is rest, — rest sometimes so prolonged that this would certainly mean failure in one's vocation.

Since, as it has been shown above, it is so evident that the advantages of a good voice — in music and drama, in the conveying of thoughts and ideas, in vivid narration and the like — are so numerous, one would suppose that the utmost care of the voice would be taken. But often through ignorance this is not done. Therefore, because of the importance of caring for the voice, one must first become acquainted with certain impediments.

As it would be almost impossible to enumerate the vast number of impediments I shall endeavor to describe only a few of them. One of the greatest hindrances to voice is shouting. If man could examine his larynx and vocal chords after the forceful shouting that always accompanies games; if he could be impressed with the fact that there is absolutely no correct way of shouting, and that by shouting he treats the vocal chords in just the same manner as he would treat his hands if he were to scrape them on a rough surface, there would be far less vocal enthusiasm shown when a spectacular play has been effected at some sport event.

Other impediments of the voice are

faulty breathing, muscular effort, and lack of use of the diaphragm, all of which are easily corrected but oftentimes overlooked. Few are acquainted with these faults, and thus the means of developing the voice are either limited or impossible.

To develop the voice we must first consider the diaphragm. Because it is the main factor in voice control, the diaphragm is of vital importance. Extending from the chestbone to the posterior ribs, it is the largest muscle in the body. This great sheet of muscle separates the thoracic cavity from the abdomen. In functioning, this organ tends to suppress the abdominal organs, thereby permitting more space in which to expand the lungs. In exhaling breath for the production of tone, the diaphragm returns to its normal position, causing a support or pressure upon the lungs. From this is derived force and loudness.

Following the use of the diaphragm in voice culture is the necessity for relaxation. Relaxation means that only one muscle of the human body must be tense, the diaphragm itself. Every other muscle, and above all the throat and facial muscles, must be completely relaxed. To accomplish this one must feel relaxed, or think relaxation in all parts of the body. This is the great secret of extending breath to produce sound with ease and force, and without fatigue or harm to the voice.

The third factor in the process of developing the voice is breath. It is maintained by many voice instructors that singing and speaking are breath, breath, and more breath. From the support of the diaphragm and the feeling of relaxation one is able to control the flow of the breath, which means the

THE BRIDLED GIANT

control of the voice. With this controlled flow of breath one cannot but produce a tone that also flows, a tone rich and mellow. A listener cannot help but hear the clearness and distinctness which is merely the placing of tones out before the lips and keeping them there by the constant flow of breath.

Thus it may be seen that the breath, by means of the diaphragm in causing the tones to flow, in producing clearness and distinctness, and in placing the tones out in front of the lips, frees that bridled giant, the human voice. No longer is this free and beautiful gift an enemy and detriment to one's progress. It becomes a powerful friend and aid throughout life. Such a voice, even though the words be uttered in a whisper, will carry

to the last rows in the upper balcony of the largest assembly hall.

Who can deny or belittle the treasure of the voice if he but recalls the figure of a Caruso telling a spellbound audience the tragedy of *I Pagliacci*? Who can measure the power in oratory of a Patrick Henry, a Webster, or a Burke, and not recognize the value of the voice? Who, when he lives again with Leslie Howard in the Denmark of *Hamlet*, or in the London of *Berkeley Square*, can ignore the beauty of the spoken word? Who can begin to measure the reaction of the American people to the voice of their President, and still say that the voice is of meager worth? It is verily a giant; its unbridling remains with you and with me.

TOODY

By William Kramer '39

The name Toody, in this instance, was not applied to anyone's pet dog, or anyone's pet at all, unless it was teacher's pet. It was given to a simple creature of God, good-natured and amiable, having the strong, lanky body of a man and the mind of an infant. When he first came to answer to the name of Toody, or how long he lived before he became Toody, I have never discovered, but Toody had been in the first grade of parochial school a year when I came there. Already he towered sufficiently above the rest of the class to inspire their respect.

Early in that, his second year, Toody played his card. A boy whom the teacher had rebuked became recalcitrant when she ordered him into the cloak room. He had been there before and had no taste for it. In desperation, the teacher called on Toody's strength, and together they dragged him into the formidable cloak room, whence the percussions, audible through the open door, made us shiver and giggle alternately. From that moment Toody was no longer idle. Some teachers perhaps were glad to have his help; others, more gratified to see him occupied. But he was

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

"vigilante" now, ever on the alert to be of some assistance when some impish, rubber-banded Robin Hood persisted too strongly in making his target the back of a studious neck, or when an aspirant Lancelot meted out his meager woe with a humble pin. Lucky it was for Toody that he stayed in his own back yard or there might have been many a dark alley that held for him reminiscences of vengeance.

Beyond an occasional squelching of these young revolutionists, however, there was no aggressiveness in Toody. As long as he went to school narrow fellows continued to sting him with the insolent tongue of their rudimentary humanity, or to make him a dumping cart for a measure of their savagery. Yet, through all his years, Toody never grew bitter. What could he do? He had little of the gray element with which to ponder and exaggerate his abuses, and little anger in his nature to begin with; so he bore his taunts without a word; indeed, without comprehending what it was all about; smiling when his would-be tormentors smiled, and frowning when they frowned, as though he appreciated the pains they were taking to entertain him.

This perfect childlike simplicity and confidence was the chief attraction in Toody. It gave him a personality. Whenever I tired of the brilliant and usually heavily opinionated company in

walking home from school, I dropped alongside Toody. To him, at least, I could be the center of the universe for that short walk. He would listen with intense interest to anything I had to say, without appearing bored or wishing we would walk faster. It was a pleasure to do him the slightest favor, if only for the satisfaction of his appreciative expression.

Toody followed us to the seventh grade, learning nothing more than could be taught to a dormouse. In that year it became evident also that he was falling behind in bodily prestige, both because of the advance of normal boys and because this particular teacher used means other than physical strength to inspire her subjects. So day after day Toody went to the blackboard, drew lines in the form of a graph, and filled the blocks with digits: 1 - 2 - 3 - 4 - 5 - 6 - 7 - 8 - 9 - 10, 1 - 2 - 3 - 4 - 5 - 6 - 7 - 8 - 9 - 10, in unending monotony. The next year Toody was no longer with our class; he had stayed in the seventh grade with his numbers. There he stayed a few more years and finally gave up the pursuit of knowledge altogether.

However, before he left school, I had left my home town. When I see him during my vacations he has still the towering stature, the thin face, and close-set eyes that look out with what has so often reminded me of the expression of a gentle dog looking up to a friend.



THE CATHOLIC ARTIST

I. Art and Philosophy

By Norman Fisher '37

Art through the ages has varied directly as philosophy. Art must change as philosophies change, for art has always been the expression of philosophy. The common philosophy of people, their thoughts and feelings on life, their outlook on the problems of human existence, have always been reflected in the work of their artists. And indeed it is not strange that artists of all times should have been the mouthpieces of their peoples, should have served as the channels through which the ethereal spirit of their times was captured and superimposed upon material, and thus given definite and concrete form that would remain into the future. For every artist must necessarily transmit some idea or thought into the external material of his work, if his work is to be art at all. If this artistic contribution is absent from a work, if the artist has failed to produce what is one of the very essentials of art, then his work can be no more than a more or less perfect reproduction of something concrete in nature. Such a reproduction, however, is not art, for it is universally agreed that sheer reproduction, if indeed an exact reproduction of anything is at all possible, can not be the source of aesthetic pleasure. It is therefore natural that the theme of thought expressed in works of art has in general been the thought of whole

nations, for few men and few artists escape being affected by the spirit of their times and environment. Artists in general are in fact practically forced to adopt in their works the current of thought of their day, for no group extends an enthusiastic reception to any artist who either injures their sensibilities or gives expression to a philosophy that is not in harmony with their own.

Just as every national language possesses a spirit which, though it scarcely may be defined or explained, yet is most evident and unique in all works of that language, so also every national bulk of art possesses a color or tone that is peculiar to it and appears consistently throughout it. This color or tone can be only the expression of the spirit of a people, of the traits and temperament that distinguishes that people from all others.

In a similar manner as art is the expression of the mind of a people so is it the expression of the mind and spirit of an age. It has always been so. As we study the historical evolution and fluctuation of philosophy and art we see that these two have followed continuously along parallel lines and that the tenor of the former has always been apparent in the form of the latter.

In the literature of the ancient Orient, the only phase of their art that has been

preserved to us in any considerable amount, is incorporated the very life throb of the different nations. The literature of Egypt, consisting in the main of religious writings and tales inculcating the observance of correct moral conduct, is the literature of a people who though neither warlike nor very intellectual yet had great influence on other ancient peoples through their keen moral sense and elaborate conceptions of life after death. The Babylonians and Assyrians were a scientific and progressive people; their literature is much concerned with science and law. The Chinese were men of thought and gentle natures; their literature abounds with the philosophy of their great men and beautiful lyric poetry. The poets of the religious and warlike Indians sang of the glories of their gods and of the great war in which their fathers established their race in the land of the Ganges. In Persia the great bible, *Zend Avesta*, the epic, *Shah Namah*, and the vast number of lyric poems celebrating the joys of love and wine bear testimony to the varied character of this enigmatic people, who though intensely religious and forever warring were yet addicted to the essential weakness of pleasure. Arabia was a land of mystery and enchantment, of luxury and voluptuousness, and of deep mysticism. All that, surely, is contained in the fantastic tales of the Arabian Nights and that gigantic religious work, the Koran.

The one great characteristic of the Hebrew people was their religious-mindedness. In the Jewish mind religion was all important; nothing was of any worth or interest that did not in some way relate to religion. Religion was the hub about which the Jew's every thought

and every act revolved; deeply ingrained in his consciousness was the conviction that no thought and no act should be permitted to follow along any tangent away from this central point of importance. The Jew's entire life was minutely regulated and directed by religion. Is it any wonder then that the literature of this people, other than that which is simple history, is a veritable prayer — a prayer of praise and glory to God that to our minds attains to the summits of artistic beauty?

The art of Greece and Rome was, in all its vastness and splendor, an expression of the predominant concept of the world of being which these peoples held. The major element of that concept was the supremacy of man. O yes, there were indeed gods, but they were rather hazy and indistinct beings, possessed of human qualities and human faults. No thinking Greek or Roman was fooled by these deities; none thought them to be gods. The average Greek looked upon the universe as the "Cosmos," the great Order; and the only evil that could exist was anything that was not in sympathy with the workings of that cosmos. Only the interruption of that Order was an evil, and the evil was evil precisely and only because it was an interruption of that Order. Hence the idea of God was not considered important. The important thing in that universe was man; man was the central point of interest, man was supreme. The average Roman, on the other hand, did not think much about the universe, but with the Greek he concurred in considering man the highest being, the summum bonum of the universe.

But the Greeks and Romans went

THE CATHOLIC ARTIST

farther than that; they divided mankind into a system of classes. Themselves of course they proclaimed the highest class, and all others the barbaroi and the barbari. That they were the highest class of men became deeply imbedded in their consciousness, and in a natural evolution they came to look upon themselves as veritable gods. That was their philosophy in a nutshell—they were gods. Their literature expressed this idea faithfully, and hence it has rightly been called the Classics or the Humanities. Their literature was consistently a glorification of the homo. Their bards indeed, as the bards of India and Persia, sang of wars, but they sang of the heroic deeds of individual men. The godlike Achilles and divine Aeneas were no extraordinarily extravagant flights of poetic fancy. Throughout their literature the predominant theme was man,—man not as a weak mortal but as a superior creature. So also with their other arts. Their sculpture consistently glorified the human body either as godlike men or manlike gods. Their architecture was a proclamation of the power of man to render material beautiful, with no thought expressed beyond the proclaiming of that power.

With the fall of the Roman empire the sun of artistic creation sank into oblivion. But after the dark and turbulent night of centuries it suddenly blazed forth in a splendor beyond all compare to the glory and grandeur of Greece and Rome. Those magnificent cathedrals that reached like hands of prayer into the heavens, the wealth of sculpture and painting, the birth of music, the masterpieces of literature, all that could be possible only in the great Middle Ages. Here was philosophy expressed

indeed. Here was art with a living soul. This art aimed at an ideal, the creation of pure beauty as a reflection of the beauty of God. This art was the expression of the one philosophy of the Middle Ages, the philosophy that permeates the Catholic Church today. This art must be the inspiration and guiding star of the Catholic artist of the future.

In time the scholars of the later Middle Ages developed the philosophy of St. Thomas and Aristotle beyond the limits envisioned by these men, and turned again to the learning of Greece and Rome. The general thought of people in turn felt the effects of this change. Art also was affected: it lost its ideal, and artists looked again to Greece and Rome for their inspiration. The result, the new Humanism, became a part of the general Renaissance.

Then came the Reformation. Philosophy came to the parting of the ways. Catholic philosophy traveled straight onward; the new Protestant philosophy turned aside, slowly and falteringly at first; then in an increasingly sharp divergence. As the new philosophy became somewhat mature, from it were born many new philosophies and many new "isms" that followed separate but parallel paths through the years. The Protestant philosophy has long since passed out of the hands of the Protestant religions, which have remained rather close to genuine Catholic philosophy. As more and more Catholic dogmas were discarded the new philosophies veered ever farther away from the Catholic, until today the world is faced with two great philosophies, Catholic and Protestant; two great cultures, Catholicism and neo-Paganism. Europe is about equally divided: approximately

one half, including some Protestant countries, has remained essentially Catholic in thought. The United States is in the other fold.

Art followed faithfully in the wake of the changing philosophy. As the philosophy of the Thomist scholastic schools was steadily aerated and corrupted by the scholars: as the general thought of people was consequently affected: and as artists looked more and more to Greece and Rome for their inspiration, art became to an increasing extent a matter of style principally with less regard to substance. That was the chief fault of the new Humanism. The style developed by the artists of the Renaissance was unquestionably remarkable, but in trying to recapture the beauties of the old classics in respect to style alone they failed to produce a lasting art. That too was the chief fault of classicism, a logical development of the new Humanism. To the exponents of classicism form only was important: what philosophy was expressed was immaterial; and for art to be acceptable it was necessary that it measure up to the standards of set forms. This defect is most noticeable in literature and music; the other arts were still being produced along Medieval lines. In sculpture, however, the tendency was growing to imitate classic Greek and Roman forms. In these times, of course, as in all times, there were some artists who were altogether too great to be restrained and effected by any transient popular philosophy, and who have given to the world immortal works of beauty and truth that belong to all ages.

Then with the Reformation and the subsequent freedom of thought, came

the period of Romanticism. Artists caught the spirit of the new freedom, and a gigantic mass of art came into being. The new order was exemplified in all the arts. It was in this period of Romanticism that the flower of music finally burst forth into full bloom.

As thought became more and more free and liberal and finally passed out of all bounds of liberality, so art became more and more free and independent until today what is commonly termed modern art has been altogether divorced from the principles of aesthetics. Modern art expresses no philosophy at all; it is but a bewildering mass of form with very little substance. Its exponents freely admit this. And yet art follows philosophy. Where there is absolute freedom of thought and utter confusion of ideas there can be no philosophy. Modern art portrays faithfully the lack of philosophy of the neo-Paganism. It is an excellent example of the depths of insanity to which men can stumble when not guided by true and correct philosophy. In literature we have meaningless unreal realism and unnatural naturalism. Artistic music does not fare quite so badly, because of the yet forceful influence of the Romantic schools on modern composers. Some recent works, however, have been heard that seem to be nothing more than a maze of unintelligible and unrelated sounds. In painting we have incomprehensible and utterly senseless surrealism. Sculpture has been somewhat protected from unbounded inanity by its practical preoccupation with representing the human figure. In architecture we have shapeless masses that express nothing save the all too evident actual existence of mass. James W. Lane

THE CATHOLIC ARTIST

in his article, "The Craze for Craziness," in the *Catholic World* of December, says that the modern believers in artistic unintelligibility have for their motto, "Let us create bewildering objects. We must arouse a rapture and a crisis." We may say that they have admirably succeeded. We may optimistically look to the future for better things, but we may hope for no higher level of art from the materialistic-minded elements that are so deeply intrenched in the world today.

Catholic art since the days of the Renaissance has been somewhat deficient. There are perhaps many reasons for this. The Church has been much occupied in combating the myriad forces arrayed against her and thus has not had much opportunity to give encouragement to art. Catholic artists have been at a real disadvantage in being obliged to face the intense prejudices of extraneous groups. But probably the chief reason is that there has been too much a mixing of prudence with art. Too many Catholic artists have looked to a double end in producing their work; they have endeavored to create artistic beauty and

at the same time to teach a moral. But such a procedure entails the risk of producing inferior art. No artist can hope to successfully achieve both an artistic end and a prudential end in one work, for artistic beauty can be conceived only as existing by itself and of itself. In this one respect there must be a correction in Catholic art.

Since art in our day has run aground on the rocks of chaos, and promises to flounder there helplessly into the indefinite future, the time is ripe for a great rebirth of Catholic art, art that is Catholic in philosophy, Catholic in spirit, and Catholic in expression. This renaissance has already been given an impetus in the Catholic Literary Revival. This activity, however, must be extended to the other fields of artistic endeavor. The Catholic artist of the future may look to Medieval Catholic art as at least his inspiration if not his model. It is up to the Catholic artist to express the true philosophy of life in art. There are many things in his favor, which we shall discuss in a succeeding article.

THE IMAGINATION

By John McCarthy '38

Use you imagination." This is a common and often used expression, but how many people, who are familiar with it, know its actual meaning? Just what its actual definition is few would be

able to say. Although most people have a pretty good idea of what imagination means, to put their thoughts into words would be a very difficult task for them. Nevertheless the word imagination may

be easily defined as the faculty of forming mental images or representations of material objects apart from the presence of the latter. In nearly all recent psychological literature a representation so formed is called an idea or image.

The imagination is an internal sense. This view is based on the fact that the imagination does not operate by means of an external organ; that it represents particular concrete objects; and that these have only an internal or subjective existence.

Since the imagination works in the absence of material objects, sensible objects make no direct impression upon it. They do, however, make an impression upon the external senses. Consequently the imagination can utilize only those materials which have reached it in some way through the five senses. Hence the images may be put into five categories. Of these, those that are derived from the sense of sight are the most numerous and the most perfect; those derived from the sense of hearing are also quite common; and those arising from the senses of taste, smell, and touch are altogether rare and uncommon. The imagination is not particularly concerned with the nature of the image it represents; its work consists mainly in reproducing or forming new combinations of images out of those experienced in the past.

Whether or not our imagination is valuable depends upon its usefulness to its owner. A good imagination may mean to some the capability of taking wild flights into fancy and of producing wonderful stories like the "Arabian Nights" or "Don Quixote;" or then again it may mean a favorable comparison with

the inventive powers of the President of the Burlington Liars Club and the judging of its fertility upon the Club's standard basis. However, to evaluate this type as the highest or most important criterion of imagination is surely erroneous judgment. For an author or playwright it is undoubtedly the best, but to push all other fields into the background would be a big mistake. Great genius in any field presupposes a fertile imagination, but true excellence of imagination is obtained only when this power is controlled and directed by good judgment.

To the student imagination is very important. Without a strong imagination he cannot visualize scientific theories, nor can he interpret literature of any kind. The interpretation of literature is no more than reconstruction on our part of the picture the author had in mind when writing. It is of no use to study history or other subjects if they are just so many cold facts and not living pictures in the imagination.

Imagination is of two kinds, the Reproductive and the Constructive. The Reproductive Imagination is that power of forming mental pictures of objects and events as our senses originally experienced them. This name is also used by some to denote the faculty of memory in general. This usage, however, is objectionable. The function of memory is not reproduction, but recognition and recall. All imagination is essentially reproductive; that is, it never constructs anything completely new.

The Constructive Imagination, or Productive as it is sometimes called, merely combines into novel forms elements given in past sensations. These combinations

THE IMAGINATION

of separately conceived objects are the source of all new discoveries. All inventions are products of some person's constructive imagination, the inventor having allowed and directed his imagination to form the new object by combining his ideas of old and familiar associations. This type of imagination is very valuable in artistic and intellectual initiative.

In all forms of Constructive Imagination, whether it be in the artistic or mechanical fields, or in the physical sciences, three factors play an important part. They are purpose, attention, and discriminative selection. There must be at least in dim outlines before the mind, an aim or object to be realized.

In order to satisfy this vague desire the spontaneous activity of the faculty brings forward its materials. The attention is fixed on those likely to fit into the wished-for ideals. Finally, selective discrimination retains those judged to be appropriate and rejects the remainder.

All representations of material objects are called images. The images, however, must not be confused with a percept or impression. The image is invariably very faint in intensity as compared with the impression. Its outlines are obscure and its constituent parts are confusedly presented, while the other is realized in a clear and distinct manner. The image, too, is normally subject to our control, and can be kept before the mind or annihilated by an act of the will.

Images are either voluntary or spontaneous. Voluntary images, or active images as they are sometimes called, are produced freely under the direction of

the faculty of choice. In other words, we will to produce them. But spontaneous or passive images have an altogether different origin. They spring, of their own accord, suddenly into consciousness, without the slightest impulse or direction of the will. They may often represent objects which are not in the least connected with the trend of thought.

No faculty is more dangerous to the human organism in its free and unlimited exercise of power than the imagination. It is easy to understand how a rich and fertile imagination may prove detrimental to its owner. Exuberant and prolific flights of fancy when uncontrolled by reason divert attention from the essential to the accidental, and may so confuse reason and mislead the powers of judgment that brilliant hypotheses take the place of common-place truths. The imagination, unless guided by some aim or purpose, is in danger of drifting into mere day dreams, which are not only useless in furnishing ideals for the guidance of our lives but also become positively harmful when grown into a habit. The habit of day-dreaming is hard to break, and continuing, holds our thought in thrall and makes it unwilling to deal with the plain things of everyday life.

When the imagination is under control and we have a definite aim in view, our ideas become clear and readily understandable. Students should try to train and control their imaginations, as their minds will then become more alert and more able to solve the problems of the classroom and the harder problems of life. They will become better Christians, more worthy citizens, and above all, inspirations to their companions.

ALMOST LOST

By Richard Trame '38

Synopsis: After the death of her mother, Ina Bantley finds herself quite alone in life. Wholly by accident she meets a charming intern, Doctor Dave Luxen, who falls madly in love with her. Not being ready for marriage, Ina rejects his proposal and hastily decides to visit New York. Before she leaves, however, Dave promises to wait until her return with the hope that she will change her mind.

Part Two

Many other women at loose ends have made such a trip to New York under the pretense of a vacation, but few have attempted it alone. This, however, did not deter Ina, who with a light heart left behind her the slumbering town of her birth. The first night she stayed at a hotel in a small town in eastern Ohio; the second, she took her courage boldly in hand and pulled up to a large white house which bore the sign, "Tourist Rooms." The following morning she got away early in order to reach New York before noon.

While it still seemed to Ina that she must be many miles from her destination, she found herself enmeshed in city traffic. Keeping out an anxious eye for lights and traffic cops; starting and stopping continually; having her fenders grazed repeatedly, she eventually found herself on the expansive Fifth Avenue.

Fifth Avenue ran into Washington

Square. Here Ina turned west and began to search the buildings for the sign, "Rooms Rented." She found one so quickly that her courage failed her and she drove past it.

After some few minutes of cautious driving she sighted a convenient parking lot which she entered. From there Ina set out on foot in search of a furnished apartment. Two monotonous hours of apartment hunting and laborious stair climbing greatly dimmed her enthusiasm. Even though most of the places were passable, the rent asked seemed positively forbidding.

Completely worn out and rather disheartened, Ina finally entered a small but respectable restaurant. All the tables were filled, so she wearily sank into a nearby booth only to find a placard, "Reserved," staring her boldly in the face. She hurriedly arose, but a tall dignified woman came toward her and said, "Never mind, Miss. You can have the booth if you don't object to dining with a total stranger."

Quite puzzled by this unwarranted kindness Ina answered blankly, "Thank you."

Both women ordered their meals without the slightest concern for the other. Ina felt rather 'au bout de son latin,' sitting across from such a fashionably dressed lady of very apparent means. She immediately gathered that this

ALMOST LOST

woman was quite familiar in her surroundings, for she even addressed the waitresses by their first names.

Finally, noticing Ina's confusion, the strange lady looked up from her menu and with smiling eyes extended her hand toward the girl. "My name is Mrs. Charlotte L'Ardell. What is yours?"

"Ina Bantley," answered Ina, taking the proffered hand cordially.

Over a tasty lunch the two women soon became busily engrossed in a friendly conversation. Mrs. L'Ardell confidentially told Ina that she lived in an apartment above this very restaurant and made her livelihood as the hostess in the swanky Cabaret Night Club. Ina quietly explained her humble situation and was gratefully surprised at the stranger's seeming interest.

"If you desire a good apartment, there is one open upstairs. If you care to we can take a look at it as soon as we finish dining; shall we?" suggested Mrs. L'Ardell.

"I'd love to," answered Ina, truly thankful for such unexpected assistance.

After their meal Mrs. L'Ardell informed the waitress that she desired to see the manager. That opulent gentleman soon appeared and gladly gave them the key to the vacant apartment, with the expressed hope that Ina would be pleased with it.

One glance at the cozy suite of rooms and Ina's mind was completely made up. This was by far the most pleasant place she had seen. Just as she was about to give her verdict the sinister shape of rental raised its brutal head. Mrs. L'Ardell, immediately noticing the skeptical look on Ina's face, caught its significance.

"Don't worry about the price, dearie. Mr. Alyesworth will ask a hundred per month. Simply refuse until he says sixty; then sign. That's all I'm paying," informed Mrs. L'Ardell rather maternally.

"Thank you so much. You have been an invaluable help."

"That's perfectly all right, dearie. I get a little lonesome living up here all by myself, so a little company will suit me fine. I live just down the hall," smiled the little French lady, invitingly.

Ina, finding the portly manager rather easy to bargain with, in less than twenty minutes was again back in the apartment with the lease folded safely in her purse. She stood in the center of the salon, facing its three sparkling windows and made a thorough survey of her delightful maisonette. An old-fashioned chintz, patterned with quaint bouquets of roses, hung at the low windows. The deep chairs and sofa were covered in a warm rose red that went well with the grey woodwork. A low coffee table of pear wood, waxed to a satin finish, stood domestically near the open fireplace. A chest of drawers in light walnut; an old mirror, whose gilt was half worn off, seemed to add distinction to her altogether desirable quarters.

A quiet knock aroused Ina from her musings; she opened the door to find Mrs. L'Ardell. "Dearie, would you care to accompany me to the club tonight?"

"I'm sorry, but I must unpack, and then too I'm terribly tired. Maybe some other night."

"Tomorrow night then?" persisted Mrs. L'Ardell.

"I'd be delighted."

"Fine. Sleep soundly, my dear, and I'll see you tomorrow."

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

The next morning Ina had breakfast in the restaurant below and immediately afterward made a short shopping tour. With keen precision and fine taste she purchased a trim, russet suit, a pair of suede shoes and a chic brown beret. She proudly carried her new clothes home, changed into them, and went out to lunch.

After lunch she bought a city guide-book, and being thus equipped, embarked on what was for her the most exciting sort of life: simply amusing herself without missing anything that was worth while seeing. Every morning Ina went to the theatre, opera, or rode through the city on the open-deck busses. During an entire fortnight she was almost too busy to even sleep or eat, much less think. For days at a time she talked to nobody, except an occasional chat with Mrs. L'Ardell. Twice she accompanied this friend to the Cabaret Night Club and always had a fairly enjoyable evening.

Then on her second Sunday night, being completely fatigued from an early morning walk and an exciting double-header at Yankee Stadium, Ina was lazily reclining on her davenport when suddenly the realization that she had neglected to answer Dave's last letter dawned on her. With determined effort she procured paper and pen and began fulfilling her self-imposed obligation. She wrote with little spontaneity. Ina now knew well that she liked Dave, but love him she could not. Nevertheless her letter was as encouraging as possible, for there lurked in Ina's mind the suspicion that some day Dave's love would help her span many a needy hour.

The next day at lunch Mrs. L'Ardell introduced Ina to a certain Jeanne Carl-

son, a very wealthy young lady of high social standing. Ina and Jeanne soon became quite friendly; before they parted ways the young socialite invited Ina to a swanky masquerade ball the following night.

"I'll call you tomorrow morning and let you know what costume you must wear," informed Jeanne.

"This really thrills me to death," said Ina.

"They are a lot of fun, and you'll enjoy this party immensely. And watch the partner I'll pick for you. Well, I'll see you tomorrow night."

"Thank you very much," returned Ina happily.

True to her word Miss Carlson called and instructed Ina to masquerade as Joan of Arc. She also informed Ina that her escort would call at nine o'clock but laughingly refused to disclose his name.

With Mrs. L'Ardell's assistance Ina procured the proper costume and after much labor and perspiration managed to get into it.

"Why Ina, you look simply stunning in that outfit," complimented her friend.

"Do I really? I certainly feel silly though. What time is it?"

"Exactly nine o'clock," answered Mrs. L'Ardell. "You needn't get impatient, for your boy friend has an infernal habit of always being late."

"Be a sport, Lottie, and tell me who he is. This is my first date with a man of society, and I hate to seem too green," asserted Ina.

"All you have to do, honey, is act your natural self, and you'll steal the whole show."

A loud knock sounded before Ina could answer. As she opened the door a

ALMOST LOST

tall man dressed as a French military officer entered.

"Good evening, Joan of Arc," he ventured gayly. "It seems as if I have found the right camp. I'm to be your humble escort or rather aide-de-camp, tonight."

"Good evening Mr. —."

"General Leavitt, a votre exploit," he answered, giving a curt military salute.

"I'm terribly sorry, but I don't understand French," apologized Ina, blushing very becomingly.

"Pardon mademoiselle. Ne comprenez vous pas francais? C'est terrible!" Again he repeated the salute, while a devilish twinkle lighted his eyes.

Not knowing what to do or say Ina simply stared at him in a puzzled silence. With a quick step her escort broke into a rippling laugh. "We are going to get along nicely. My name is Robert Leavitt, and I too understand no French. I just remembered a few words from my good old college days."

Jeanne's masquerade ball was in full swing when Ina and Bob arrived. A mystifying array of costumes effectively concealed the identity of the many guests who had come to grace the occasion. Here beneath the dim colored lights genuine Roman centurions, a real Martha Washington, French generals and American frontiersmen danced side by side in perfect rhythm and harmony to the strains of a particularly haunting melody.

"Who are all these people?" asked Ina, holding Bob's arm just a little tighter.

"I don't know myself, but at twelve o'clock everybody unmask. Think you can dance with all that armor burdening your feet?"

"I can try."

As the moon grew brighter the spirits of the masqueraders grew higher. Not for one minute did Ina find herself bored or forgotten, even though Bob spent most of his time watching the punch bowl change into a rippling stream of laughter and hilarity. The sight of so much drinking by both men and women greatly astonished Ina.

When the signal for unmasking sounded Ina was dancing with a Roman centurion. "Will you unmask, Miss —?" he asked politely.

"Certainly," Ina answered, and suited the action to her word.

"Ina Bantley! What on earth are you doing here?"

"May I ask you the same question, Mr. Ted Morris?" she replied happily.

"I'm a very good friend of Jeanne's."

In turn Ina told him how she had come to be at this same masquerade ball.

Leading her from the floor, Ted asked, "Who brought you to this party?"

"Bob Leavitt." She had barely mentioned his name when Ina spied him coming across the floor.

"I've been looking all over for you. I wanted to see how you really look without that concealing mask."

"Are you surprised or disappointed?" asked Ina.

"I wish I hadn't drunk so much; then I could see better," replied Ted very honestly.

Noticing his obvious condition Ina cleverly suggested that they go home. She was terribly frightened, for she feared he might drink more, and then be on her hands for the remainder of the night.

"Good-night, Ted, and I do hope I shall see you soon."

"Tomorrow night at nine?" asked Ted.
"Agreed."

Once inside the taxi Bob became more sober and regained some of his manners. "Did you enjoy yourself, Ina?"

"I did and I didn't. Do they always drink like that?"

"Usually. I'm sorry if my drinking in any way ruined your evening. Mrs. L'Ardell would scalp me if she knew you didn't have a good time."

"Where was Mrs. L'Ardell? I didn't see her all evening," said Ina, glad to change the subject.

"I suppose Tommie forgot to get her. He is on one of his famous escapades again," answered Bob rather nonchalantly.

After bidding Bob a hurried adieu Ina leisurely undressed and stretched herself comfortably on her soft bed of eiderdown puff. It was many minutes before sleep finally closed her burning eyes.

At approximately three o'clock the doorbell rudely broke into her peaceful slumber. She carefully opened the door and found a tall man leaning against the wall, with a silk hat parked precariously on the back of his well-shaped head. "Good evening, Mrs. L'Ardell," he hiccupped as he caught sight of Ina.

"She lives down the hall," droned Ina, trying to shut the door.

In turning to leave the man stumbled against the door and fell headlong into the room. With great difficulty the uninvited guest gained his feet and stared at Ina, obviously puzzled. She stepped back a few paces in order to gain a better look at him. He was wearing a light topcoat over what must have been an elegant evening dress before he man-

aged to get it so rumpled. The white gardenia in his buttonhole drooped sadly from long exposure to the power of strong liquor. This man was very good looking, probably wealthy and obviously drunk.

"I'm sorry," stated Ina firmly, "but Mrs. L'Ardell lives down the hall."

"Oh, down the hall." He tried to follow the direction of her pointing finger, but his knees betrayed him. He staggered against the door and nearly fell to the floor the second time.

Impulsively Ina grabbed him, saying, "Here, lie down for a minute while I make you some coffee."

"Oh, don't bother. I'm — I'm all right." His politeness did not desert him even though his bewilderment was increasing. "You're not Mrs. L'Ardell, — or are you?"

Without answering Ina removed his wrinkled topcoat, and taking his arm, guided him to the sofa. With a lunge he flopped upon it rather than lay down.

While she prepared the coffee Ina felt a trifle queer. The intruder was disgustingly helpless as he lay sprawled out on the couch, his eyes closed and his smiling mouth a little open. He, however, aroused Ina's curiosity.

"Here you are," she said cheerfully as she handed him a cup of steaming, black coffee. Her cheerful mien changed to sharp tones of vexation when she noticed that he was completely in a coma. Hurriedly Ina threw open the window, dashed a dripping wash cloth into his face — all to no avail. His eyelids fluttered once; then he lapsed again into his drunken stupor.

In a panic Ina felt his pulse. It was slow but steady, and even though his face was a ghostly white his well-shaped lips

ALMOST LOST

were a crimson red. Realizing her helplessness in the case Ina carefully covered her guest, turned out the main light and settled herself with a magazine near the glowing table lamp. In a series of swift darting glances she examined his features. He was approximately her own age, may-

be a little older. He wasn't conventionally handsome, but as he lay there in drunken sleep, he was good looking in a nice puerile sort of way. His black, disheveled hair seemed to Ina a poignant challenge to smooth and fondle.

(To be continued.)

HAMLET THE HERO

By Robert Kaple '38

Hamlet's greatest attribute, his ability to think, is a gift that in itself is sufficient to make him everything a hero should be. That he possesses a mind witty yet wise, playful yet serious; that he is capable of the keenest ironical or scornful utterances, mingled with the most philosophical contemplations, is as certain to us as death itself. Hamlet can, with the rapidity of lightning, change his disposition from gay to sober, from apathetic to violent; he can feign madness with the slightest provocation. With practically no effort he can adapt himself to the nature and peculiarities of those with whom he is brought into contact. His biting satire, sparkling repartee, and playful jest are accompanied by the darkest and deepest thoughts that can agitate man.

The mind of Hamlet is like an open door in a fierce wind. The least incident causes him to enter into the most serious meditation, while the greatest excitement finds him externally very unresponsive. His thoughts are spontaneous. With

each turn of the play thoughts flow through Hamlet's mind as freely as the rains fall from heaven. He has no need to search for them. They are a part of him. Thoughts and Hamlet are attracted like a magnet and filings. His exaggerations, his similes, his strange ideas, his wit, and his deluge of sarcasm are all within him. He possesses these faculties as abundantly as the king gulps wine.

Among the students of Shakespeare it is generally accepted that Hamlet belongs solely to the class of thinkers. Critics are generally agreed that Hamlet's imaginings rob him of the coolness and the strength to go quietly, and without hesitation to plunge a sword into the heart of Claudius. But to say that Hamlet's inability to act is due entirely to his overtaxed imagination is to overstep all bounds of fairness. His failure to act is brought about, in part at least, by the peculiar circumstances under which he is forced to labor.

Imagine the mental torture Hamlet

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

must have suffered when action was called for. Before any condemnation is passed on him for his inability to act, the bitter hours of anguish which he surely must have suffered should be seriously considered. Regarding the death of his father, the former ruler, no one except Hamlet is aware; no one but him is suspicious of Claudius, the present king. Within two months of the death of his father, his mother is already remarried to Claudius; the right to the throne has been snatched from him; he has no friends in court to whom he may go for assistance or advice; and above all he has only the word of a ghost that the king is the real murderer. In the face of these circumstances he is called upon to avenge the death of his father. "The time is out of joint: O cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right!"

Hamlet is endowed with a vast energy of will but lacks the punch to set his resolutions into action. Because of his power to think, his resolutions are made to "melt, thaw, and resolve themselves into a dew." No effects are produced from the efforts of his thoughts unless he is forced into a position from which there is no escape. Then it is that Hamlet rings true to all the qualities of a man of action. At the hand of Hamlet Polonius, the tedious old fool, is sent "unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneled," and

with all his imperfections on his head, on his last long journey, but only because the circumstances of the moment are right to force his sword. Hamlet acts on the spur of the moment. Again when he discovers that the king is making designs on his life by attempting to send him off to England, Hamlet, with coolness and deliberation, quickly changes the message to order the immediate execution of his fellow students, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, thereby sending them to death "not shriving-time allow'd." The circumstances of the moment permitted no alternative.

Hamlet, therefore, is a hero. Perhaps not the kind that can follow an outlined plan of revenge, but surely one resolved to abandon all other purposes in life until he has sought out and revenged his father's assassination. The sacrifice of his lovely Ophelia is paralleled only by the task he undertakes when he confronts his mother with the ringing words of the ghost constantly in his ears.

"If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul
contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her
to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom
lodge,
To prick and sting her."

"CATHEDRALS IN SOUND"

By Alvin Druhman '37

I. The Architect

Farewell, Master, and take our thanks, for you have done well. In you we salute one of the greatest artists of the century, and also the incomparable teacher whose wonderful work has produced a whole generation of forceful musicians. — We salute also the upright and just man, so humane, so distinguished, whose counsels were sure as his words were kind. Farewell!"¹ And a sobbing family and some loyal pupils watched the frozen November earth receive the coffin. The dead was Cesar Franck.

Cesar Franck? But a handful of mourners? Yes, that genius of the nineteenth century whose music today plays on our heartstrings mystic melodies beautiful; whose life testifies, as well as any can, the fullness of a true Catholic life, passed into the endless beyond practically unrecognized, unheralded as that which he most desired to be, a composer. Even in the eulogy at his grave quoted above, he is saluted as a virtuoso, teacher, and truly noble gentleman, but not as a composer.

Fourteen winters had blown bleak winds around his tombstone before critics and musicians at large offered any public appreciation for his genius in composition. With over a decade of

years to overcome their prejudices, Parisians finally erected a statue in his honor, a sculptured monument of gratitude for Cesar Franck's "cathedrals in sound."²

What manner of man was this Cesar Franck, this lovable master mind? Twenty-two years after the dawn of the nineteenth century a Christmas gift, a son, was taken to the parish church at Liege, Belgium for baptism. The relatives heaped the name Cesar Auguste Jean Guillaume Hubert Franck upon him. This array of names was due probably to the fact that the Francks claimed descent from that conspicuous line of Walloon painters of the sixteenth century. They undoubtedly thought that baby Cesar's having that many euphonious designations was the first step in the direction of following his ancestors in their choice of art as a vocation.

When it came to the time for Cesar's father, a very practical banker, to decide upon a career for his young son, contrary to all precedents and expectations, he chose the profession of music, precarious though it was. And had he been divinely illumined his choice could have been no better. So Cesar was entered as a pupil in the local music school at Liege.

1. Mason, "Appreciation of Music", Vol. II, p. 159.

2. Alfred Bruneau, *Encyclopedia Britannica*, "Franck, Cesar", Vol. IX, p. 674.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

But such a prodigy was this youth that by the time he was twelve he had learned well all that the local school of music could teach him, and so the following year found the whole family in Paris. They had moved there in order to afford Cesar advanced studies in his vocation. He was enrolled in the famous Paris Conservatoire. And by the end of his first year of studies there, he was awarded the distinction "proxime accessit," literally translated, "he has approached very closely (his goal)." During an examination two years later, however, his very genius and musical precocity almost lost for him a prize. His pupil of years later M. d'Indy, relates the occurrence in a biography of Cesar Franck as follows:

"After having played the work selected — Hummel's *A Minor Concerto* — in excellent style, young Franck took it into his head, when it came to the sight reading test to transpose the piece which was put before him to the third below, playing it off without the least slip or hesitation."¹

Such daring so shocked the judges and the director of the Conservatoire that they "stoutly declined" to award first prize to the audacious, though thoroughly deserving youth, yet they were not so unjust as to pass over the feat in silence. As a recognition they conferred the special compensation, "Grand Prix d'Honneur," upon young Cesar, who stood wide-eyed in amazement. Having played the same prank of bewildering the officials in a contest three years later, he received but second prize, and this only after much persuasion of the judges

on the part of his teacher. While at the Conservatoire he also won two first prizes in fugue.

At this time, piano's most famed virtuoso, Franz Liszt, was by his brilliant recitals receiving thunderous applause in every theater of note throughout Europe. His genius netted him not only envy and fame but likewise substantial dividends. Cesar's practical father, being a banker, was not at all slow to see this. Consequently he took his son out of the Conservatoire and tried to manoeuvre a deal for him to attain royal patronage in Belgium. Not receiving this patronage even after two years of shrewd persuasion, the family returned to Paris whence they had come at the father's scheming proposal. There the support of the family fell on Cesar and his brother, who complied by accepting any concert or teaching work available.

Though Cesar and his father were on none too pleasant terms as a result of Cesar's failure to obtain royal patronage, things ran rather smoothly until the son one day escorted home a famous young actress of the French Comedy, Felicite Desmousseuax, and introduced her as his wife. That was plenty of rope, and Cesar had hung himself in the eyes of his family. In no doubtful phrases the strait-laced parent expelled Cesar.

From that time on Cesar Franck began the routine to which he adhered until his death in 1890. Though he was never robust in health the regularity of his mode of living helped to prolong his life. Rising early, he devoted two hours to composition or practice. Then started the tedious working day. From pupil to

1. Mason, "Appreciation of Music", Vol. II, p. 153.

"CATHEDRALS IN SOUND"

pupil he went teaching, teaching. It is said that so enthusiastic was he that walking proved too slow a form of locomotion; therefore, he ran from lesson to lesson.

Teaching at that time, as to some extent today, was far from a "get-rich-quick" occupation. So Cesar Franck augmented his income by assuming the position of organist in the new Basilica of St. Clothilde. A sonorous organ had been installed there, and each Sunday, feast-day and, toward the end of his life, each Friday, he fanned "the fire of his genius by pouring out his spirit in wonderful improvisations, which were more lofty than many skillfully elaborated compositions. — For Cesar Franck had, or rather was, the genius of improvisation, and no other modern organist not excepting the most renowned executants, would bear the most distant comparison with him in this respect."¹ By this improvising superb, he finally won, in some small degree, the prominence that he deserved. He was therefore appointed Professor of Organ at the French Conservatoire.

Franck's burden toward the end of his life was modified somewhat by the very gradual success of a few of his compositions. But Destiny, stolid and uncompromising, soon darkened the sunlight of public favor. One day, while he was running across a street to give a lesson, he was hit by an omnibus. Though at first the injury seemed but slight, it developed into something more serious. He died on November 8, 1890, with three beautiful chorals incomplete at his side, on which he was working

when the priest came to administer the last sacraments.

To live in the gay French capital, and yet not at all to fall prey to its sophistications as did so many contemporaries in the same career; to remain a practical Catholic in the face of all the obstacles in that dazzling metropolis; even to maintain an ideal and apply himself throughout long years, with a nagging wife and slender income, not in the least despairing of circumstances, would have been sufficient to make Franck's character outstanding. But his greatness as a man lies not only in his simplicity, his loyalty to the Church, and his perseverance, but likewise in a veritable multiplicity of other virtues. In all probability there never was a more lovable character among all the great composers.

His love and devotion to friends and pupils was repaid indeed with their love. One of Franck's pupils, d'Indy, to prove his love for his master, long after the latter had journeyed to the land of spirits, wrote a biography of Cesar Franck in which with the utmost sincerity and extraordinary devotion he praises the teacher who produced a "whole generation of musicians."²

This extremely modest genius would certainly blush with discomfiture if to-day he returned and found out how much he is esteemed by the world three score and ten years after he left it, for it is known that at times his modesty reached almost absurd dimensions. For instance, never did he use even legitimate means to obtain patronage or distinction. This is evident from his aversion to scheming into royal favor in Belgium, and from his

1. Mason, "Appreciation of Music", Vol. II, p. 156.

2. Mason, "Appreciation of Music", Vol. II, p. 158.

astonishment when he received the coveted appointment of Professor of Organ at the Conservatoire.

Too, his nature was possessed of a pure-heartedness and a sincerity that all the more adorned his characteristic loveliness. When, after the first public rendition of his *D Minor Symphony*, he came home, the family with no little anxiety inquired, "Did the public like it? Was there plenty of applause?" He responded simply and with a "beaming smile of content,"¹ "Oh, it sounded well, just as I thought it would," even though the critics, Gounod among them, had bled his tender heart white with such exclamations as, "What, that a symphony? — Franck's music may be whatever you please, but it will certainly never be a symphony."²

Moreover, one season his friends and pupils gave a concert exclusively of his music at the Crique d'Hiver and rendered the compositions in a none too perfect fashion. While all the audience grumbled at the inadequacy of the program, the genial composer gently upbraided them with the words: "You are really too exacting; for my own part, I was quite satisfied."³

Is it any wonder, then, that a man with such spiritually human qualities should write such humanly spiritual music? Let us glimpse through the Gothic windows of one of Cesar Franck's "cathedrals in sound," to see why "his music makes us neither beast nor angel;" why "keeping a steady balance, as far removed from materialistic coarseness as from hallucinations of a doubtful mysticism,

it accepts humanity with all its positive joys and sorrows and uplifts it, without dizziness, to peace and serenity, by revealing the sense of the divine."⁴

II. The Cathedrals

If quantity instead of quality of music were the norm by which composers are estimated Cesar Franck would certainly not stand shoulder to shoulder with the world's greatest. In number his works average barely one a year, but their beauty, their sublimity is unsurpassed save by the very best in the realms of music. Very few of his compositions have, up to this time, achieved world fame, but those that have are unquestionably masterpieces.

Foremost is the *Symphony in D Minor*. This "cathedral in sound," it can be said without hyperbole, truly defies description, so gorgeous is it. Only in a manner inadequate and unsatisfying can it be treated. It is in three movements exquisitely unified by the haunting beauty of the major theme. Out of deepest depths comes the awful inquisition, the same that Beethoven asked in one of his quartets, "Muss es sein" (Must it be)? Yes, "must it be," the principal theme, the melodic gossamer, the strands of which are woven into each section of the orchestra so that throughout the whole first movement every section, in every possible way, sadly, hopefully, daringly; with tenderness, with despair, with anger; in tones persuasive, ingratiating, resigned, echo and reecho that fateful question, must it be?

At times, when the composer seems

2. Mason, "Appreciation of Music", Vol. II, p. 159.

2. Ibid.

3. Alfred Bruneau, Encyclopedia Britannica, "Franck, Cesar", Vol. IX, p. 674.

4. "Caecilia", Vol. 63, No. 10, p. 452.

"CATHEDRALS IN SOUND"

to have abandoned his importunate inquiry, that question can still be found furtively lurking under utterances more pleasant; yet it is always present, and still always without hope of response.

This first movement is a journey through ethereal clouds of mysticism; that mysticism that sets out Franck's music from all other; that mysticism that merited for him the name, "Pater Seraphicus," because he conversed "not with men but with angels." It embodies soarings, and sweeps into skies of setting suns; into blackest forests, storm-enraged; into hells of despair diabolical.

Yet the rainbow of ultimate glory faintly appears after the frenzy has receded, and the first movement ends, promising, through a major chord, exultation in the end.

The second movement, with its melancholy theme of the English horn preceded by the harp and pizzicato strings, is one of brilliance and richness. That questioning theme even yet harasses. But the soul is, as it were, exhausted by the frenzy, and now considers it in a more philosophical way.

Then, by "subtle harmonies," Franck reveals to the listener his own spirit, a spirit dominated by love rising above the clouds of doubt and the flurries of disillusionment; a spirit that, while giving vent in music to the blows of adversity, retains a placid, tranquil attitude toward all; a spirit ever mindful of the great beyond, that beyond of endless brightness, of changeless fortune, of eternal beauty.

So vividly does the composer portray all this that an anonymous critic states

that though he seldom conjures up images when he plays or hears a piece of music, at this portion of the *Symphony in D Minor* he can visualize the very portals of heaven opening, with the purest light emitting its glorious rays through the widening gates. And after the gates are flung apart he sees little angels dancing and singing, and angels with harps in the background playing unearthly melodies. The "serenity of eternity," says this critic, is contained in this second movement.

"There are flights towards light as the movement progresses, flights of swift muted notes, like the beatings of thousands of invisible wings, coursing through the misty upper airs in clouds of vibrant color and life. — The meaning seems clear: out of eternal questioning, some day comes an answer; out of living, life."¹

At the conclusion of the second movement the English horn returns with its haunting melancholy. But of what difference is it when there have been moments of such lofty exhilaration? With firmer step this part closes, intimating the exultant third movement.

Brief major chords prologue this last movement with its theme of hope and uplifted spirits. Depression and pensiveness are banished; enthusiasm and vitality replace them. There is a general spiritual uplifting, tremendous energy and power. And how pleasant is the change, how effective. Its whole impression is one of joy. Cellos and bassoons herald it; violins escort it; the entire orchestra follows it. Their syncopation bursts into exultant songs. Then the brasses take up the second

1. Charles O'Connell, "The Victor Book of the Symphony", p. 205.

theme with a joyous solemnity, followed by the trumpets which close the masterpiece.

Ropartz, in commenting upon this finale, inquires, "What is there more joyous, more sanely vital than the principal subject of the Finale, around which all other themes in the work cluster and chrystallize? The symphony is a continual ascent toward gladness and life-giving light, because its workmanship is solid, and its theme manifests ideal beauty." How very true this is. The starless darkness is passed; the pensiveness is shaken off, and energetic gladness sweeps all before it. How characteristic this work is of life; life of the individual, life of humanity in general. Truly it is art, for it certainly does portray, as Aristotle requires, a "Baltion," an uplifted, more idealized reality.

Cesar Franck also composed a number of chorals and cantatas, trios, quartets and quintets for piano and organ symphonies. What he considered to be his "magnum opus," *Les Beatitudes*, an oratorio in eight parts, took ten years to complete. Though it may have been his greatest work it is very rarely heard. He wrote but three operas, probably because he cared little for the stage. These, at most, have been produced but once since his death. He is a star in the musical heavens solely, it may be said, because of his "*Symphony in D*

Minor.

Yes, it is fitting for our century of materialism and godlessness to look back to Cesar Franck, his life, his music, and most of all to the inspiration of his music, the Invisible Creator. Truly we owe him unqualified admiration.

Cesar Franck, with hearts that understand you and love you, with gratitude flowing from that understanding, we thank you. How sweet is the memory of your life of sacrifice, your relinquishing claim on everything to which most of us hold fast; your holding fast to that which most of us are ready to relinquish upon slightest provocation. Acres you have willed to us venerable in the land of music, and upon these acres the magnificent edifices which you constructed with your own hands, the "cathedrals in sound." With Gothic towers of mysticism soaring toward the pure upper air, with walls of exquisite reliefs depicting the life of each of us, with entrances of most cordial welcome, through which your ununderstanding contemporaries were loathe to pass, with beautiful naves pervaded by the incense of spiritual peace, with altars of noble sacrifice and tabernacles of glistening gold, set with sparkling rubies of charity, yes, with all this, these specimens of highest melodic architecture challenge us, the children of mechanic luxury.

Will we accept that challenge?



TRAVELING WITH THE BEST

By Paul Gillig '40

After three weeks of repairing my four-cylinder "up-to-date limousine" four other fellows and I left for an auto trip through the New England States. Although the car was not a new Packard we were able to stand the shocks fairly well. To our surprise it rattled down the highway at the startling speed of thirty miles an hour, blustering a lot, indeed, while doing it like a Bantam hen mothering a single chick. As long as it held together we determined to keep right on going, not even on that first day focusing our attention on possible troubles in the miles to come. Not having a care in the world we didn't even mind the stares of passing motorists (going both ways) or what they thought of our rubber-tired grind organ slowly grubbing along, playing harsh melodies to the tune of the passing countryside. Only when the traffic began to thin and the evening sun crept away behind the rolling highway did we stop, pitch our tent, and call it a day.

That first night, spent with the mosquitoes, was a hard one, our hides proving less puncture proof than the tires of our wandering Jew. The blankets, too, were not less uncomfortable than the springs of our vibrating dromedary. We welcomed the dawn and the rising sun, and were off once more on our journey.

Again all went well. But as I was

driving along I began to think of the mountains we had to pull over in our little tin box on wheels. Meanwhile we were approaching our first real test. At the very base of the incline everyone in the car held his breath for fear we could not make the top. There we were with ten big eyes staring through a fog of silence on the dashboard, watching to see whether the car could hold out. It did. Before we could find our voices we were going down on the other side. Maybe some drivers did gun 'em around us on the up grade; we beat them all going down. There we could pass the best of them.

As we sputtered into our first real destination in our mechanical gypsy we could not at first find a place to rest our weary bones. After somewhat of a difficult search, however, we did finally fall upon a friend who put us up at his summer cottage on the rim of a small lake just outside of Boston. There we stayed, and from there we went out to educate ourselves in this historical New England city so rich in traditions and landmarks, so quaint in appearance. For one full week we lingered here, dieting meanwhile on baked beans and cod fish, before we decided to pull stakes for all points North.

When we had our four-wheeled push cart packed we headed up along the northern coast, leaving the sky line of

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

good old Boston behind. As you probably know, this strip of seacoast from Boston up along Maine is supposed to be the most colorful in North America; and it is without a doubt, because of its indescribable rocks and beaches, together with the rugged harbors in fishing ports.

From here we went over into the White Mountains, where nature really begins. To describe them you would have to be a poet. Once you have visited these mountains you will never want to leave them, and the beauty will always remain with you as long as you live. It has something which possesses the atmosphere of peace, which the human heart craves. I had always wondered why New England

drew so many travelers, and I found out that it is because this territory has the beauty of an Arabian horse and the people there have a great love for God, one which coincides with the background of natural beauty.

Traveling with the best of them, or should I say we traveled better than most of them? Because we lived out with good old Mother Nature, seeing things that too many tourists miss when living in hotels. Although we did not have fried chicken, everyday, our pork and beans tasted just as good as the chicken, and our trip cost each one just about the total price of eighteen chicken dinners. Not bad.

MEMORIES

by

Edward Gruber '37

Looking at the world
Through rose-colored glasses
Was evidently meant
For little lads and lasses.

And so I wish that I
Were still a little lad,
So that my mind might move
In dreams and fancies clad.

Might visualize a sand pile
A castle, stately, grand;
Might see my molded soldiers
Obeying my command.

Alas! those days are gone,
But I am grateful yet,
For the memory of them
I cannot quite forget.

THE SECRET OF IT ALL

By Norbert Sweeterman '38

Jeanne Loriot stepped into the taxi. "Army Headquarters," she called to the driver in a voice that betrayed her happy anticipation. Her heart was beating fast. As the taxi sped from the station to her destination she reveled in her approaching happiness. Soon Major Loriot, her father, would be embracing her again after an absence of almost two years. To her it seemed a century since she had tearfully bid him good-bye before he sailed for France to enter the war. The war was over. Her prayers for her father's safety had been heard; his spontaneous promise made at the moment of his departure he had kept.

"When we have won that war," he had said to his sixteen year old darling, "I will send for you, and you can come to meet me. We will travel in Europe before we return to America."

That parting scene was now far from her thoughts. So were those two anxious years during which her mother had grown gray and she had rapidly matured to young womanhood. She was thinking of her father, how he would look, what he would say, and of the scenes she would visit and the people she would meet during the six weeks tour she had planned.

The taxi scattered the loose gravel as it screeched to a stop in front of the French army headquarters. Jeanne quick-

ly paid her fare and approached the building. Even the November midday sun felt warm as she sped up the steps and inquired for the room of Major Loriot, was conducted to it, and stood one moment breathlessly listening before entering. Knocking softly she heard the familiar "Come in." In a bound she was in her father's arms.

"Oh, father! It has been so long! How wonderful it is to see you again! I feared you would not look so well after those strenuous years!" Almost incoherently Jeanne murmured the loving words between caresses.

"My little queen! A woman grown!" the brave major exclaimed. Then, as if to check the assault of affection, he took her by both shoulders, held her almost at arms' length, and said: "During all my stay in France I have had no serious misfortune. And you look more sweet and charming than ever."

Although not an indulgent father, Major Loriot could scarcely refrain from spoiling his Jeanne, so like her mother in appearance and impetuosity when they had first met. Those brown eyes sparkled now with joy; in a moment they might flash with quick anger at any real or imaginary affront.

Jeanne had not noticed the tall, handsome French lieutenant near the door when she entered the room. As she now glanced about and saw him, her

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

eyes snapped from his face to his rich uniform. It seemed to be made of the highest quality material obtainable. Over his wide shoulders hung a gorgeous cape embroidered with gold thread. She looked inquiringly at her father.

"Let me introduce you to Lieutenant Russo, Jeanne. Lieutenant Russo, Miss Lorient, my daughter."

Jeanne offered her hand, but the distinguished looking gentleman bluntly refused, pretending not to notice it. Awkwardly he left the room without uttering another word or closing the door behind him.

"Don't you think his manners are rather crude?" asked Jeanne. Is he a friend of yours, father?"

"He is the best friend I have here in Paris, dear," said the major; "but now that you have come I'll not need any more friends. Come, let us sit and chat. First you tell me all about home; then I'll give you some of my experiences, and we will plan what we are going to do before our return."

The chair her father offered, Jeanne disregarded. For all her eighteen years she hopped into his lap and toyed with his hair and medals as she told him incidents great and insignificant at home. Her eyes darted fire when he asked about her mother, the cruelty of the war surging over her like a flood as she thought of that brow, once as smooth as hers, furrowing, and that shock of golden brown hair streaked with gray.

"Come, come," her father said stoically; "it had to be. We will make mother so happy when we get home that she will never worry again. Here's a kiss (he planted it on her flushed cheek); now, if you will not use this chair, sit

up on my desk where I can look at you. Have you made any plans for our tour of Europe?"

As Jeanne dashed for her portmanteau to get some folders, Major Lorient stood up and stretched. "You minx," he chuckled; "holding you is harder than fighting Germans. Will you ever grow up?"

"I am grown up," she danced back, and for the moment looked like a pouting six year old.

Rapidly the afternoon passed. Major Lorient nodded approval at the selective choice his daughter usually made; a few times he uttered an almost inaudible "hum" when her suggestion was rather extravagant. The lights had been turned on for some time when he glanced at his watch and said: "Jeanne, I have a surprise for you; tonight you go as my guest to the banquet held in honor of the army officers."

"I'm delighted! But why didn't you tell me sooner? It's so late, and I must get ready."

"You will have plenty of time; the banquet doesn't start until eight."

The banquet hall was decorated exquisitely. Prismatic flags and pennants of all the allied countries and of dozens of societies and organizations which had furthered the success of the war almost covered the delicately carved wainscoted walls. Over the speaker's table extended a large, maroon velvet canopy trimmed with gold tassels. The other tables, arranged in a semicircle, each bore miniature flags of the respective countries whose officers were being feted.

During the banquet Jeanne's attention was centered upon Lieutenant Russo,

THE SECRET OF IT ALL

who was present. His guest, a beautiful French lady, hovered around his neck in a most sickening manner. At times she gave him bits of food and sips of wine which he accepted approvingly. Again he wore the gorgeous cape which had struck her as so fine on her arrival. When the meal was over and the speakers were introduced, Jeanne temporarily forgot the lovebirds as she listened attentively. One by one the speakers expressed in eloquent language praise for the officers and soldiers of America. Especially when her father's name was mentioned did Jeanne's eyes glow with affection and admiration. Then a toast was declared to the Americans, and strangely, Lieutenant Russo brusquely left the hall.

"The churl," thought Jeanne as her blazing eyes dug at his retreating form. But she checked her irascibility lest her father notice her disturbed mind. Just the same her eyes guarded the door against his return, and when as the orchestra began to play and everyone danced he did return she watched him. Why was he so stiff and seclusive? His manner seemed amiable enough when someone paused to speak to him. But why must that bejeweled French dame constantly fawn upon him? Why didn't he shake her off and request a dance? Hadn't her father said that the Lieutenant was his best friend? When the two moon-struck doves sought an alcove, there to be alone, she felt like following them to give Lieutenant Russo (the thought was uttered half audibly and clawed

in her throat) what he deserved. Even when afterward she danced she could not forget the man who had refused her the ordinary civilities and the American soldiers a toast.

Late that night as she lay in bed Jeanne was still busying her mind with the one about whom she could not think tolerantly. He had offended both her dignity and her patriotism. She had stood enough; it was time for her to ride the whirlwind and direct the storm. She would snatch her pen and dip it into gall. She would be frank — unmercifully frank.

Jeanne was unaware that her chance to carry out her resolution would come the very next morning. It was Sunday, and as she was leaving church the calm peace which she had gathered there suddenly split scarlet. Lieutenant Russo was directly in front of her. When he came to the door he merely touched it with his shoulder and walked on, unheeding the one who followed him. Two brown eyes blazed as Jeanne's blood boiled. On the steps of the church she swiftly came face to face with him. Just as she was ready to give vent to her anger a sudden November gush of wind lifted the cape from the lieutenant's shoulders, revealing the absence of both arms. The squall of anger died with the wind. Jeanne drew back, frightened, ashamed.

"Bon Matin, Mademoiselle Lorient," spoke Lieutenant Russo kindly; "Comment allez-vous?"

STEEL

By Anthony Flynn '41

Daily, brilliant men are making huge strides in aviation engineering, science, and architecture. They accomplish such great steps by the constant employment of steel, the greatest metal that has ever been discovered. Chemists, in their coldly scientific manner, tell us that steel is the name given to alloys of iron, combined with comparatively small proportions of silicon, carbon, magnesium, chromium, and other more obscure ores. To me, in my youthful imagination, steel is a living thing, the tool of man, helping him to achieve great things in science, and to benefit the human race with auxiliary inventions.

For many long years, some of the greatest engineering experts in the world have labored without cessation, overcoming seemingly insurmountable obstacles, performing feats never dreamed of before, in the execution of the Golden Gate bridge. The construction of this bridge cost many lives; yet, now that it is done, the world may marvel at its immensity. It will be a monument immortal to the ingenuity of American enterprise. It will be of infinite service to hundreds of people in every walk of life.

It is night. The concrete runways of the huge airport fairly gleam in the reflected light of the multiple searchlights. A huge streamlined transport plane is scheduled to take off. The passengers wave a last farewell, the

chocks are slipped, and the monstrous greyhound of the air leaps forward, throbbing with power. The passengers chat pleasantly with each other, secure in the knowledge that they are safe.

War is a terrible thing to befall any nation. Because of it, men discard the fact that all mankind are brothers, descended from our first parents. They rush into the conflict ferociously, their only desire to slay or maim their so-called enemies, men with whom they have no personal quarrel. In their wake lies destruction. Happy homes are robbed of their loved ones, hearts are broken, and sickening numbers of young men and even women are slain.

Yet, sometimes wars are necessary. To defend the homeland from the tyranny of some hostile invading power is a glorious way to die. To protect and defend the lives and honor of the inhabitants of the United States is the sacred duty of every citizen.

In the springtime, if one should happen to go forth into the country, one would be delighted by the enchanting vista of plowed fields stretching away to the distant blue horizon, and pleased by the delectable aroma of the clean, sweet-smelling earth, drying in the sunshine. Soon this same earth will bear fruit. Sturdy crops will arise to provide healthful food for countless millions of hungry mouths.

STEEL

Men are strange creatures. They are afraid of the unknown; yet a few of the more audacious ones design and construct huge edifices that jut into the azure vastness of God's heavens, and with their expressionless granite countenances seem to mock any power on earth to disturb their immensity.

Viewed from the top of a high building, the streets of a business district are a teeming maze of honking motor cars, darting this way and that, but striving continually to advance more rapidly. These cars are things of symmetrical beauty and speed, that carry their occupants safely to their destination at the touch of a hand.

Recently a huge ship of German manufacture amazed the world by transversing the blue expanse of the Atlantic ocean in the incredibly short period of five days. This feat, since unequalled, set

up a new era in transportation by water.

Have you ever had occasion to see a steel vault in a bank or in any other establishment that deals with large sums of money? If so, you will have noticed the huge doors, a foot thick, that swing on well-oiled hinges, sealing the money enclosed therein in an impregnable wall, proof against any tolls of the thief.

All of these incidents and inventions that I have mentioned are but a few that are constructed of or made possible by steel in many forms. Without this wonderful metal there would be no progress. The world of business and of construction would be at a standstill. However, Almighty God, in His infinite benevolence, has blessed mankind with this wonderful metal, for which we who are aided by its use should extol His goodness to the high heavens.



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EDITORIALS

GUEST EDITORIAL

By the Rev. Joseph M. Marling, C.PP.S., Ph.D.

It has been a cardinal tenet of modern thought, ever since the days of Kant, that the existence of God lies beyond the range of rational demonstration. An artificial theory of knowledge, now generally discredited, impelled the father of modern subjectivism to this conclusion. The havoc has been immeasurable. Religious truths have passed from the orderly control of reason to the lawless rule of the emotions. Mysticism and psychology are mentioned when belief in God is broached. The philosophy of religion has become a tournament for which no particular training is required, no credentials asked, and into which each contestant may bring his own weapons and his own rules of combat. Reformers who are searching for a solid foundation upon which to erect a true social philosophy may well bend their first and principal efforts toward remedying this situation. It would mean that modern thought must retrace its steps to the eighteenth century, and begin from that point anew. The task is not flattering, but it is preferable by far to waiting for a few decades and then having to reset the very pillars of civilization.

There are certain signs upon the horizon, however, that permit of a propitious reading. In the first place, it was the absurd notion of freedom, framed in the last century, with regard to every phase of human endeavor that gave strength and

fiber to the subjective view of religion. Today it is apparent to all who have eyes to see, that our ideas of freedom and democracy were grossly overworked, and that they stand sadly in need of reinterpretation. Unbridled freedom of thought and speech can no longer be regarded as fetishes when they lend themselves so readily to the subversive efforts of those who would undermine the state and disrupt society. It may be that the curtailment of the license, heretofore taken for granted, in the realm of social theory and social morality will lead to a much needed curtailment of the extreme license that has prevailed in the field of religious thinking. The philosophy of religion would then become a science once more.

A second good omen is visible in the attitude of the contemporary scientist-philosopher. The latter still treads in the footsteps of his counterpart of the last century, in failing to realize that the greatest ability in the physical sciences is, of itself, no guarantee against amateurish speculation in the field of religious philosophy, that the latter realm has a method and technique of its own which is not at all easy to master. But it is more correct to stress the contrast between the scientist-philosopher of today and yesterday. The former's tone is more reverent, his attitude more humble. He has witnessed the breakdown of

mechanism, the futility of positivism. His predecessor was a materialist, the sponsor of a universe governed by rigid necessity, in which God was an emotional luxury. The scientific thinker of to-day is, in the main, a spiritualist, eager to admit that there is a major role for God to play in the world that contemporary physics opens to his view.

Perhaps we are to witness the remarriage of religion and reason after their long divorce. It is an ideal ardently to be hoped for. Few things falling to the lot of the human race would prove a greater blessing.

War on the Screen

Since the bloody World War our international warlords have been forced to use sly and underhand methods to spread their egocentric propaganda. No longer can they openly champion the cause of revolution, no longer can they laud to the skies the glory of fighting for the fatherland; yet they are not quietly being reconciled to a regime of peace. They are today employing methods that have far greater results even though less discernible at present.

These sponsors of revolutionary activities well realize that war for the general is a knightly pageantry, but for the private soldier a gruesome reality. Utilizing this valuable knowledge our modern war profiteers employed the cinema to spread their belligerent propaganda. So cunningly is this accomplished that few people recognize the harm that is being done, not to themselves, but to the youth — the doughboy of tomorrow.

Recall to mind a few of our present war pictures such as *The Road to Glory*

and *The Charge of the Light Brigade* and see if the following statements aren't true. Isn't the commander always a gallant, heroic leader? Doesn't the picture constantly center around his daring exploits? Is the murky grime of real soldiery ever truthfully portrayed? But you may ask, "How does this prove that the cinema is often used as an insidious means for war propaganda?"

The answer is patent enough. Our modern youth see only the grand pageantry of leadership, yet never witness the cruel realities of war, which as soldiers they will be called upon to face. They are made to believe that war is a succession of dress parades, delightful balls, galloping steeds, and beautiful women. If this were only true. But when the clarion sounds its call to arms this visionary heaven will change to a gory, stinking hell. In war beauty is destroyed, love is forgotten, joy is lost, while the booming cannons moan their message of destruction. That is real war. The other is merely a sham battle in Sunday clothes.

R. J. T. '38

The New Social Catholicism

Social justice is the cry of the day. Among the societies springing up to foster social betterment is the spontaneous movement named the New Social Catholicism by Doctor Furfey, a noted sociologist and author. It designates the current movement of returning with a new loyalty to the old truths of Christ and the Church.

While it is true that movements toward social amelioration are quite as numerous and varied as individual theories of temporal utopias, the New

EDITORIALS

Social Catholicism is paradoxically a movement of an essentially personal nature. Still more incredible is the fact that it is precisely because of this personal essence, realized by individuals reawakening to the necessity of the Christian philosophy of life, that this movement will succeed. Though in most instances personal social action would simply mean confused masses purposelessly striving after conflicting conceptions of social security, the objectives of the movement called, so aptly, the New Social Catholicism are fused into harmony by the unchanging social philosophy of the Church.

But where is the personal element of the movement? It is as intangible as a spirit, yet as truly present and motivating. A lively, unquestioning faith together with human action on a supernatural plane constitutes the personal essence of the New Social Catholicism. In the Catholic's action, however, the supernatural presupposes the state of sanctifying grace, while faith implies surrender of the intellect to God. The essence of the movement is spiritual. Therefore it will accomplish its purpose in a spiritual manner — not by the visible channel of authority, jurisdiction, counsel, or legislation of governmental statutes. The New Social Catholicism works indirectly. It will exert spiritual influence by animating and penetrating activities of the temporal state. Far beyond the political are its methods.

Thus, basically, the movement embodies individual efforts to cast off the useless superfluities of modern life and don the more simple garb of early Christian living. Too much value has been placed on wealth and position; too much indifference has arisen toward religion. So

common has this condition become that few people of the civilized world have remained completely immune from any taint of materialism. Of late that materialism is on the wane because men have experienced the rise of a moneyed class, and the awful injustices and poverty of the masses, which are the results of an unbridled socio-economic system. Failure to provide for the social security of the masses has sent the privileged-class governments crashing to the ground. On the ruins of these such artificial organizations as the fascist and communistic states are attempting to reestablish social security. These cannot long survive, for in varying degrees they violate Christian social ethics. Shaky indeed are the governments so built.

In the nineteenth century necessity gave birth to an evermore militant social philosophy of the Church, which has been guided by invaluable encyclicals expressing the Church's social thought definitely and concretely. Surely there is urgent need for an intellectual *expose* of these doctrines; yet greater is the need for a laity personally fired with the social philosophy of Christ. Lack of education, of altruistic leaders, of planned methods of procedure, and of easy communication made our ancestors long-suffering in social bondage. Those limitations have, for the most part, long passed, but gross and widespread social inequalities still exist and will continue to exist until people individually know the value of living a thoroughly Christian Life. Hence the New Social Catholicism through its personal nature is the only logical and progressive step toward a real socio-economic security.

J. K. '39

CRITICISM

Books

SONG FOR A LISTENER

By Leonard Feeney

It was just like playing the game of treasure hunt, reading this book, and I always was fascinated with treasure hunting. But I do not remember ever being so successful as I was in this instance. I found in Father Feeney's *Song for a Listener* a treasure more precious than gold, more lasting than bronze — a treasure that is a joy forever.

The little volume contains thirty-three short poems of nine lines each, each poem having three stanzas, and each stanza having three rhymed lines. Here is where the treasure hunt comes in: you read the poems once or twice just for practice, and almost conclude that they are a heap of nonsense. But then you lift each word and look behind it, and . . . Ah! There lies the hidden treasure, the meaning, the interpretation. Sometimes not even this is successful; you have to tear the very words themselves apart. "Smotherhood;" "soldered selves." As gold and silver are unearthed from mines, as pearls are snatched from the depths of the sea, so is Leonard Feeney's wisdom garnered from

"This frail ditty darned in threes

With threads of triple harmonies."

It is the wisdom of a heart that would brood with love for deluded humanity were that heart not so Christ-like. Because it is so Christ-like the satire twin-

kles and sparkles; it touches wounds to heal but not to scrape. Even the lines addressed to those artless aliens of true poetry are inoffensively witty rather than insultingly harsh:

"Our tuneless asses cannot climb
Parnassus, so perhaps it's time
For reason to return to rhyme."

What makes Father Feeney such a lovable and sympathetic personality is his priestly devotion to her who is "our fallen nature's solitary boast," the Blessed Virgin Mary. Whatever else he does in this poem, he eulogizes her, because of whom:

"The poor old apple-wench will wear
A sprig of roses in her hair;
The strumpet strolling on the quay. . .
Will sue for sailors' chivalry.

Each and every one of these stanzas seems to draw toward her as to a focal point. I say this even though the first fourteen might seem not to allude to her at all. They do. The pathetic sightlessness of those who have eyes and see not; the deplorable selfishness of those whose idea of love is license; the awful wretchedness of those whose waywardness, debasing them, has sent them scurrying to the doors of every would-be advisor ("Psychiatrists will tell us things") are bound to the rest of the poem by stanza fifteen:

"Remember, gracious Virgin Mary,
Mother and Maiden, quite contrary,

CRITICISM

Of this wild welter to be wary.

...And when thou willest, hear our
prayers.

The conclusion becomes obvious from those two climatic lines :

"A bull will butt at red, but you,
Beelzebub, will but at blue."

To write thirty-three successive stanzas, sustaining the identical meter and rhyme scheme throughout without once becoming monotonous, requires art. To do this without resorting to a poet's license, demands the height of art. By doing this Father Feeney has qualified himself as a poetic artist of the first order. His beautiful imagery, his select metaphors, his euphonious alliterations embellish the poem, making it truly great. Both for matter and form, *Song for a Listener* will live.

Edward Gruber'37

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF G. K. CHESTERTON

To obtain the slightest glimpse of the inner workings of a human mind; to perceive for just one fleeting moment the ideas converging around a finite intellect; to see in just one passing glance the previous impressions indelibly written on the memory of a rational being impresses me as being the most captivating, the most fascinating, the most enchanting experience in which a human being can indulge. In his autobiography, Gilbert Keith Chesterton gives one this opportunity. He presents his life not as a mere series of attainments and failures, but as the story of his mind and the doubts and final victory of his soul.

Chesterton was a man of letters. More than that, he was one of the greatest

litterateurs of the present era. Like most men of genius, he knew that he was a genius; yet unlike the majority of intellectual giants he never mentioned it, directly or indirectly. Throughout his life he oftentimes claimed he never feared an argument with anyone. To the casual and haphazard reader this probably seems like a boast. It isn't. Chesterton didn't make the statement in a spirit of braggadocio; he didn't have to. It was a plain fact, as H. G. Wells or George Bernard Shaw could readily testify. It would appear that G. K.'s life was made up of a series of continual disputations; yet nowhere has it been said that this amiable, good-natured scholar ever indulged in quarreling. For the most part his altercations were on Religion and Philosophy.

For many years he was groping in the dark cellars of various creeds, trying to find the light of God. Several systems and societies for a short time claimed him as a member; none of them held him as a devotee; so-called philosophers who thought a great deal about thinking, yet never thought themselves, exerted no great influence upon him. He thought straight through their flimsy labyrinths, just as later he out-thought and out-argued his former friends who bitterly opposed Catholicism. Many have claimed that Chesterton thought his way into the Church. It would be more fitting to say that he argued his way in, for he tested out at some time or other in debate every major link in the Catholic system of philosophy and theology. Many others, at the same time and under the same conditions, reached the identical portals with him, but on seeing the Catholic Cross refused to enter. Chester-

ton, however, was too big, intellectually and spiritually, to back away, even though his argumentative reasoning had brought him to the last place he had ever expected to go. Despite the snubbishness and hostility and ridicule of his fair-weather friends, he entered the Church. Nor did he then sit around waiting to be attacked; he was the antagonist, for he was the last man on earth to apologize for being right. And much to the consternation and indignation of his enemies he had the, to them, peculiarly distasteful habit of invariably being in the right.

In a few hundred pages the author crowds the knowledge and wisdom of a lifetime; in a dozen or so chapters he paints so vivid a picture of himself with such clarity, simplicity, and intimacy, that it seems he has been one's closest companion since the time of one's cradle days. In treating of himself and his experiences, he is so natural, so fresh, and so absorbing that his life balks any attempt to skip. At the same time the depth of thought reached is profound. Yet in most instances his seriousness is alleviated by his wit, one may verily say, substantiated by it. Not the sardonic, biting, sword-like quips of Voltaire, but instead rose-like sallies which are ingenuously beautiful yet prickly. His humor, nevertheless, is always secondary to and adorns and ornaments, yes, even strengthens the thought rather than takes precedence over it. The author presents a complete, well-rounded personality, a man who with his spontaneous explosions of humor wraps one up in surges of natural rollicking laughter and the next moment bumps one's head against the brick wall of reality.

Alfred Noyes fittingly summarizes the life of this renowned militant Catholic, the devotee of the unpopular sport of thinking, in the following lines: "While others were trying to stimulate their faded minds by distorting the familiar aspects of nature, in painting roses blue and faces green, Chesterton was rediscovering the miraculous aspect of common things; restating it with all the wonder and passion of the World's Lover."

Edmund Ryan '38

Films

The Charge of the Light Brigade is a bloody page torn from history and transcribed into an exciting, thrilling picture. This cinema clearly portrays the event that inspired Lord Tennyson to pen his immortal poem under the same title.

This production depicts the exploits of that memorable band of six hundred men who were totally annihilated for an ideal and revenge. It makes it clear how an English officer (Errol Flynn), champing at the bit to avenge a massacre, had the temerity to reverse his superior officer's orders and lead his men charging into the very jaws of hell.

The direction and writing in this picture should be starred, along with Errol Flynn. Michael Curtiz handled his scenes beautifully. Michael Jacoby, who conceived the original story based on Lord Tennyson's poem, wrote a really strong picture play. In the beginning, however, he borrowed very extensively from *The Lives of the Bengal Lancers* and *Under Two Flags*. It was not until the charge itself that the picture really became original and powerful.

CRITICISM

Errol Flynn, in the role of Captain Geoffrey Vickers, wears the uniform of the twenty-seventh Lancers with distinction and grace. This is the extent of his dramatic appeal. The laurels for acting must rightfully go to that sinister Surat Khan (C. Henry Gordon). Henry Stevenson, Donald Crisp, and Nigel Bruce are a very fine acting triumvirate.

Far above all the actors, the story, or the direction, the charge makes the cinema. The tension and interest of the audience gradually increases as those fearless six hundred ride into the valley of death. Your pulse beats faster and faster, with the charge of the Brigade, until the mighty crescendo of thundering hoofs carries you to the very climax of victory. Your spine curls at the terrific spills of the horses and riders; your eyes strain to glimpse the courage of those charging men; but your voice remains quiet in due respect for the deed they wrought.

Richard J. Trame '38

Magazines

Anybody can dream fantastic dreams and build vain castles in the air, but it requires a *real* mind, a *thinking* mind, to produce, in its first draft, a plan so complete as Mr. Emmet Lavery's "The Catholic Theatre: New Thought On A Old Dream," as portrayed in the December fifth issue of the *America*. So forcefully and clearly has he etched the mental structure of his novel theatre that I could not help being struck by the practicability of his plan and its possibilities of greatness; nor can I see how anyone else could fail to agree with him forthwith. For despite the fact that it is a grand idea, it is so simple that

it is a genuine wonder to me that no one stumbled onto it long before this.

The long and short of Mr. Lavery's idea is this: in nearly every Catholic parish and college of America there is a stage where plays — tragedy and comedy — are presented. Now why not, he says, incorporate all these little theatres into one Guild under a National Theatre Conference? He suggests that, for the time being, we dispel all thought of a magnificent, mythical Catholic show house amid Broadway's glamorous brilliancy and splendor; that we think only of the individual parishes putting on our own Catholic plays under the directorship of a Catholic Theatre Guild.

Mr. Lavery advances his plan on two sturdy principles. First, "It is sound economics. Most parishes have their share of ambitious young Catholic collegians qualified to handle such an assignment. We have the equipment, the personnel, the audience." And, as he shows later, the material is indefinite and varied. Secondly, "It is good Catholic culture. It is an art form particularly Catholic in its development, and it is the one medium readily available through which the masses of our people may be made to feel the spark which we call the Catholic way of life."

What parish priest would not gladly welcome the addition of a more elaborate theatre system to his scanty-fund-producing stage? And who will gainsay the value of the much-talked-of Catholic Action to be had through young parishioners doing the wholesome works of our rising Catholic dramatists?

It is not hard to look ahead a few years with Mr. Lavery and paint a new and exciting picture of the future

Catholic Theatre, combined of the many imaginative little parish theatres of the land — “young people of a congregation experimenting in puppetry, costuming, lighting, designing, — all fascinating aspects of an enterprise new to many of them; great audiences as well as fine actors being trained in Catholic tradition; a new market for the works of rising young dramatists who might not find a ready hearing on Broadway; the exchange between the Catholic Theatre and Broadway of sound plays that have proved their merit in both fields”; and lastly, when the Theatre had become really Catholic— universal, the exchange of the American Catholic Theatre’s works with those of the French Catholic Theatre. For what more can we ask? Catholic Action deluxe, with fun and entertainment galore for all!

Let us expand the idea a little further. Mr. Lavery mentioned specifically only the production of stage drama. But might there not come a day when our Catholic Theatre would even produce movies? A new Hollywood, a real Hollywood, a Hollywood of our own, springing up to make films under the direction of the Catholic Guild Conference. Actors would not be lacking; look at all our young men and women who would fairly leap at the idea of an amateur Catholic movieland.

Now, all this may seem to some a mere fanciful dream. But Mr. Lavery has adeptly disposed of that phase also; he has substantiated his idea with hard facts. These ideas have worked before — are working now in an enemy camp. Witness “the example of the New Theatre League, that vigorous and efficient adjunct of the Communist Party in this

country. Like our own parishes, it, too, has a culture to spread and budget to raise. Does it turn to raffles and card parties to spread the gospel according to Marx and to pay the taxes according to Morgenthau? No, year in and year out, it sends touring companies up and down the country doing the plays of Clifford Odets and other Leftist dramatists. It has had the imagination to turn to the theatre as an enduring art form in which the masses can be entertained while they are educated.” Why can we not do as much?

There is one splendid argument, however, which Mr. Lavery overlooked. Had the Catholic Theatre been in working condition three years ago, there would have been less need to “drain the Augean stables” of the lately licentious Hollywood. If our Catholic people had plenty of good wholesome entertainment in their own theatres right at home, they would be far less likely to seek forbidden pleasure in the secular theatres. The Legion of Decency has done and is doing excellent work; a Catholic Theatre Guild will augment that work. As removing a vice creates a void which must be filled by substituting the corresponding virtue, so purging the stage of offensive plays requires substituting in their place drama that is really legitimate. People will go to shows; with more extensive leisure, they will go more.

In conclusion Mr. Lavery appeals to young collegians and alumni of our great Catholic colleges; to parish pastors; to Catholic editors everywhere, to give his plan a reasonable chance. Nothing is lacking except execution, he says. “You all agree that the great objective is to make the Catholic way of life real, to

CRITICISM

effect the great transfer from the devotions of Sunday to the routines of week-day living." The Catholic Theatre Guild is the long-hidden answer to our dreams. What are we at St. Joseph's going to contribute toward the realization of this brilliant enterprise?

James Hinton, '38

Communism is the most ranted system of the present day. Politicians and clerics, newspapers and the radio, use it as a common butt for their rebuffs. Yet despite the gigantic heap of criticism these forces hurl into its face, Communism seems rather to surge ahead than subside. Just why is this? Ruth Katherine Byrns, in the *Catholic World* (Vol. 144, Nov. '36, pp. 140 - 146) feels she has the answer. And indeed she has!

Her first task is that of criticizing the ranters against Communism. Instead of delving into its causes, principles and mainstays, its beguilers merely corroborate in a superficial way what the public already knows — that it is a dangerous, formidable enemy. No attempts are made to lay before the people a lucid compendium of the reasons why the "ism" is wrong, why it is growing; why it should be, and how it might be curtailed. Some speakers and writers deviate from the point so far as to even debase the Communist for his enthusiasm, which in itself is something to be highly commended.

The author goes on to state, as a remedial measure, that since Catholics are a small proportion of the population of America they should ally themselves with other groups of men and women, not from the philosophical but rather from the practical, tangible aspect of Commun-

ism, the aspect which after all constitutes its attraction for the rank and file of people. This standpoint would necessitate the amelioration of the present system of government, a system, in the opinion of many, conducive to Communism; it would desert as useless struggling with hypothetical ifs and whens.

Naturally the author as a Catholic treats the possibilities of a reconstruction of the present social order on a sound Catholic basis. In her estimation the solving of this problem can be reduced to the task of finding leaders for this endeavor, not only from among the clerics but from the laity as well. After stating the large number of Catholics in this country who are fortified with at least a high school education, she offers a challenge to erudite Catholics: "It would seem that such leadership would not be too great a return to expect from the effort and sacrifices which have made possible the education of these hundreds of thousands of Catholics. The great mass of Catholic men and women of America are awaiting these leaders."

It would indeed be compatible with the acceptance of this challenge for every educated Catholic who has access to the *Catholic World* to study Ruth Katherine Byrns' article.

Daniel Raible '37

In these United States there is perhaps no lack of Catholic magazines as far as number is concerned. The content of these periodicals, too, covers the field of Catholic thought without too much overlapping or without serious lacuna. But while some of these journals are outstandingly attractive from an artistic, literary, and scholarly point of view,

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

others, unfortunately, are, to say the very least, mediocre when judged by the same standards. So true is this that when a new Catholic magazine appears those in a position to judge its merits shudder until they have seen it and evaluated it.

Sometimes one is inclined to think that there may be too many Catholic magazines; too many, at least, of the same or a similar kind, especially of the devotional and instructive type, appearing in a particular locality. Two or more, produced by different organizations, seem to overlap in content; not one has a *raison d'être* from any specific standpoint. If this is true it is due to a number of causes — to lack of equipment, funds, personnel, talent. But isn't it quite likely also due to the fact that we as a body Catholic are still too unorganized, too provincial, too jealous, and too selfish? I fear so. I believe that at times if two or more groups or organizations would pool their resources of whatever nature, the needs of the body Catholic, and non-Catholic as well, could and would be better satisfied, and the magazines thus produced would be read, not just subscribed to.

Be that as it may, no one suffered any apprehension when last October a new periodical, *The Catholic Student*, one morning waited in his mailbox. This self-styled "politely provocative" digest has all the qualities already alluded to to recommend it. Fundamentally, it is well edited by men of taste, experience and erudition. It is attractive. It has a definite purpose, as the very name implies. It supplies a need. Along with The Catholic School Press Association

and its very excellent quarterly, *The Catholic School Editor*; with the Associated Catholic Newspapers organization of Providence, R. I., which publishes the *Ideal Mill*; with other associations and individuals, *The Catholic Student* will encourage and inspire, delight and direct Catholic young men and young women toward higher ideals in Catholic journalism.

The first issue of *The Catholic Student* contains a happy selection of articles summarized from some of the best English and American magazines and newspapers. All of these, whether they are merely entertaining, or are instructive, educational or apologetic are practical and timely, not only from the student's but also from the reading public's point of view. They both show the direction of the straws in the wind and suggest how the course of these can be directed by counter currents. Besides the policy of this challenging journal, evidently an answer to the call of Pope Pius XI "to remove these social conditions which exasperate the minds of the populace, and open the way for the destruction of society," the editor states plans for the future and extends an invitation that cannot be ignored by any Catholic student who is one in anything more than in name.

Students of St. Joseph's, this digest is now at your disposal. Read it; assimilate its contents. You will be capable, representative, aggressive Catholic laymen a few years from now only if you now prepare for the place in life a providential Creator has in mind for you. *The Catholic Student* can and will show you how.

EXCHANGES

The fall number of *The Black Hawk*, literary journal of Mount Mary College, contains within its eighty pages a balanced array of contributions. The lengthy opening article, "The Metropolitan Influence on Contemporary American Poetry," causes us to speculate whether or not the remaining articles will reach the same high quality. In the introduction the writer states her intention in a scholarly style and then proceeds in an orderly fashion to carry it through until the end. The quotations from the various contemporary metropolitan poets were appropriately chosen to support the argument that the cities of this machine age are a positive hindrance rather than a help to the gentle and delicate art of poetry.

That breezy little dialogue, "The Bed-time Story," gives a realistic scene of Big Sister trying to read a story to inquisitive Baby Brother. It's a refreshing variation from the more ponderous type of article. The fact that each of the two distinct personalities talks naturally prevents one from classing this dialogue as mediocre.

Taking a hurried glance at the Table of Contents, there almost seems to be an excess of poetry. In nearly a score of short poems, a few deserve special attention. In four lines "Stain o' Gold" pays a higher tribute to the sun than does many a poem of greater length. Evidently the poetess is a sun-tan addict. "Fire Dream" contains a considerable

amount of unrestrained musing, a quality that detracts from, rather than adds to, the worth of the poem. The thought expressed in "Loss" is one universally experienced by those who appreciate a thing only after they no longer have it.

In the October issue of the *Aurora Quarterly* the curtain rises with a fitting tribute to the late Fr. Nieuwland, Professor of Chemistry at Notre Dame University. Outspoken in its praise of this eminent Catholic scientist, the eulogy moreover explodes the myth that a Catholic cannot live up to his faith and be a scientist also.

"Juvenile Soliloquy" with its quaint expression of a child's simple ignorance of death moves us to pity. Though the article is less than one and one-half pages in length, the happy choice of words and the human interest create a favorable effect on the reader. Thus we find quality if not quantity.

A noticeable fault in this issue is the total absence of short stories. A more balanced magazine would result if a few bits of fiction were interspersed among the essays.

Scattered throughout this number we find a surprising number of short but laudable poems. Though Shelley and Byron find no serious rival, the efforts of the budding versifiers demand some attention. The lines of the short poem, "Prayer," thank God most eloquently for all that is beautiful. For the vivid

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

picture presented us in the first stanza, it is well worth quoting:

"Lord why must you make so much of
beauty,
Such perfect golden days, such star-
filled nights,
Such shimmering radiance at morn's
beginning,
Such burning skylines in the cold
twilights?"

The Canisius Quarterly starts off with an obituary of England's G.K. Chesterton. In a familiar style the author relates those high lights which picture for us the lighter side of Chesterton's life.

A staunch backer of that which is Irish puts forth his views of the immense good Irish literature has done that of the English in the article, "Individuality of the Irish Renaissance." It seems that the author is a bit too prejudiced in favor of the Irish to write an unbiased essay on such a subject.

The short story, "Chicken Livers," has a humorous plot with the desired amount of suspense. Though a trifle farfetched it still furnishes interesting reading.

The strained attempt at a humorous poem, "Ars Gratia Artis," has one ap-

parent slip-up. We shall quote two verses of the fourth stanza to support our statement:

"We can quote him Keats and Garrick
But we cannot earn a daric."

It seems to us that the author went to great lengths to find a word to rhyme with "daric." If our memory serves us correctly, Garrick is remembered for being a great actor rather than a writer of any kind. He and Keats make an ill-matched pair in that respect.

To date we have received the following exchanges, for which we are very grateful: *The Salesianum* (St. Francis Seminary); *The Aquinas* (St. Thomas College); *The Collegian* (St. Mary's College); *The Xaverian News* (Xavier College); *The Fleur de Lis* (St. Louis University); *The Exponent* (Dayton University); *The Duquesne Monthly* (Duquesne University); *The Gleaner* (St. Joseph's College); *The Pacific Star* (Mount Angel College); *The Daily Iowan* (University of Iowa); *The Torch* (Valparaiso University); *The Mount* (Mt. St. Joseph's Junior College); *The St. Vincent Journal* (St. Vincent's College); *The Marywood College Bay Leaf* (Marywood College).

J. G. L. '39



ALUMNI

Release on sight! We tall fellows up here in the big city of Chicago are not hibernating just because this is the month of glassy streets and zero atmosphere. As scheduled in our meeting October 27 we shall hold our next social gathering on Tuesday, January 26. The place — in the heart of the loop — the Hamilton Club, 20 South Dearborn Street. The time, 7:30 P.M. Dinner will be served at \$1.50 per plate. But as dinner is only the necessary foundation for an evening of merrymaking, and all that follows will be expenseless, don't let even a frozen radiator keep you away. That active committee on arrangements — W.G. Bonvouloir, A.J. Kirchen, and Clarence Sieben — didn't reveal what all they have in mind to prepare for the fun makers; but as they extend an invitation to any alumnus within driving distance of Chicago, they evidently are going to turn every stone to dig up attractions for this get-together. Driving distance, of course, includes our neighbors across the state line, those Calumetites from Hammond, Whiting, East Chicago, Gary and Crown Point, to whom we extend a fraternal invitation. We have excellent facilities to take care of you all.

*Cook County
Alumni*

—
The Reverends Kilian Dreiling, C.P.P.S., '30, and Maximilian Herber, C.P.P.S., '26, visited St. Joseph's on the

feast of the Immaculate Conception. The former is stationed at Brunnerdale Seminary, Canton, Ohio; the latter, beginning his career as a missionary, also has his headquarters at the same place.

—
Despite the fierce opposition that General Sebastian Reinstadler, in the guise of philosophy, offers them, the class of '36 is well satisfied with their new home at Saint Charles Seminary, Carthagen, Ohio. The main extracurricular event thus far has been the Theologian-Philosopher baseball series. Although the Philosophers captured the first three games, thereby settling the issue, each victory was the result of a ninth inning rally. Three former St. Joseph Varsity men, Froelich, Bubala, and Smolar, held the spotlight with their stellar performances.

According to the words of Tom Growney the class is heart and soul behind their Alma Mater, for here is what he says: "We're all rooting for our Alma Mater, and we're really proud of the record that she made in football this year. More power and luck to her in her basketball endeavors!"

We wish to extend our thanks especially to Mr. Growney for the very interesting letter he sent us. Our only hope is that more of you Alumni will realize the sad plight in which the Alumni Editor is placed when no material is

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

forthcoming, which occasion, sad to relate, is too often.

Fr. Gregory A. Boeckman, '22, is now stationed at St. Boniface Church, Rowena, Texas. In his letter he asserts that he enjoys reading the COLLEGIAN and that, in his personal opinion, it is becoming better year after year.

For the purpose of securing a few minutes of real relaxation from the humdrum atmosphere of an auto trip alone, Mr. Eugene Wuest, '27, brother of Fr. Albert Wuest, '26, stopped at St. Joseph's on December 10. Being employed as auditor by the Pure Oil Co. he was effecting his transferal from Newark, N.J. to Chicago. During the eight years spent in the service of this company he has been stationed at numerous metropolises throughout the land, such as Cincinnati, Richmond, New York City, Newark, and Chicago.

One of our Alumni, the Rev. Earl Schmit, '30, has very neatly ordained his reasons for subscribing to the COLLEGIAN. His first reason emanates from his position as an Alumnus. Reason number two, which will hold in the case of only a limited number, is the fact that he was formerly associated with the staff. As the third reason he mentions the intrinsic worth of the COLLEGIAN.

There, Alumni, is an epitome of the reasons for subscribing to the COLLEGIAN, submitted by one of your own number. Why not, those of you who have not as yet signed up, take this to heart?

Vincent "Bot" Shank, '36, was present

for St. Joseph's first home basketball game with Huntington. Of course "Bot" had plenty to tell his old friends. We presume that in the course of the conversation he recalled for the fellows his prowess as a ping-pong player. Regardless as to whether this was the incentive or not, "Bot" pinged a few games with Bob Kaple. According to his adversary, "Bot" was the most humiliated, dejected piece of humanity about Collegeville thereafter. Hardly had the game been finished when "pingster" Shank skulked out of the club and away to Winamac.

We realize it is quite a humiliation for such a renowned ping-pong player to be subjected to depths as low as you were, "Bot," but after all it will probably never happen again. What do you think?

DOES IT REGISTER?

Few alumni will have had time to read and report on this column before we go to press. One, however, feels that his memory has grown less dim: the driver of the "horse-drawn hack with red plush seats" called out "Uptown, downtown, all around town, College."

During the ice harvest (this was in the days before electric refrigeration) the horse used for marking the blocks of ice broke through. That evening J. P. L. stood on the east side of the hole examining it. The next moment, with a "Well, I guess I'll go over to the gym," he stepped plump into the icy water and took a self-imposed Atkinson bath.

"Rusty" Scheidler stood guard over the kidnaped alumni pitcher until Father Bart came.

CAMPUS

Clubs

NEWMAN CLUB

Breezy Money

A Farce In Three Acts

Presented By the

NEWMAN CLUB

College Auditorium
December 22; 7:45 p.m.

Characters

Breezy	Vincent Schuster
press agent de luxe	
Hoedown	Joseph Lima
the world's laziest bellhop	
Cummin	Francis Harrington
owner of Cummin Inn	
Carter Maxon, Jr.,	Adelbert Weber
a millionaire	
Dick Landis	Donald Hardebeck
almost dead broke	
Jimmie Gale,	Leroy Francis
completely dead broke	
Colonel Southern	Stanislaus Skees
the Old South with a young daughter	
Herbert West	Paul Buehler
Dick's rival	
Mops	John Keeley
good on impersonations	
Lonnie	Leonard Mathew
sheriff and handy man	

A farce is always sure to meet with approval and disapproval. To some portion of the audience it invariably appears superb, while to another, whether because of its present mood or general taste, the play must inevitably seem abominably dull or cheap or poor. It is, however,

hardly advisable for the amateur and rather disinterested critic to attempt to rate any play on his own peculiar reception of it. So we bow before the consensus of opinion and proclaim with the majority that this particular farce was a fine farce and finely executed.

Perhaps no one who had the good fortune to witness this farce (or should we say misfortune) will hesitate to agree that the general character of this play was none too literary or that the plot revealed no extraordinarily clever imagination of the author. It seems to us that a group of college men hungry for the fruit of artistic creation should not be fed on the bread of incompetent manufacturing. The fact that the language of the play was such as would ordinarily be expected from the characters represented is no excuse for its being hurled into the ears of this audience which at all events should be at least somewhat discriminating. And while indeed it can by no means be demanded of the plot of a good play and especially of a farce that it be natural or even possible, still that is no reason that the plot should be made positively silly.

The first act of the play dragged on so seemingly interminably that one only with difficulty restrained oneself from leaping upon the stage and disposing of the thing by showing the struggling actors the logical and obvious conclusion of the plot. Contrasting markedly with the leisureliness of the first act was the

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

hilarious and quite sudden rush of action which to the tune of automobile horns rising out of the silence from all sides like the bugles of an army at dawn brought the play to a close.

The altogether unprecedented situation of three masquerading characters in one house with the startling mathematical progression and multiplication of mistaken identities in the minds of the other characters and the frequent and quite embarrassing forgetting of cues contributed to make this farce somewhat of a farcical farce. Which of course is a not-undesirable note of any farce. It would be tragic indeed to spend an evening sitting through a serious, well-ordered, and tragic farce.

The cast must be commended on the efforts it put forth and also on the success it achieved in making the most of an uncomfortable and difficult situation. It was a good example of stock acting. The uneasiness and tension, however, that one or the other of the actors manifested made itself felt also in the audience. But the ultimate success of any play depends on its reception by the audience; and on that standard the cast must be judged quite successful. We feel that we must call special attention to the excellent performance of Vincent Schuster carrying the role of the suave and self-assertive press agent, to the fine and ludicrous portrayal by Joseph Lima of the superlatively lazy Negro bellhop, and to the success of Leroy Francis in playing the dual role of man and woman.

For the music by the College concert orchestra Professor Tonner chose von

Suppe's "Jolly Robbers Overture" and selections from "Merry Widow" by Lehar. The newly formed double quartet, under the direction of Joseph Sciulli, made its debut on public programs by singing "Gesu Bambino" by Yon. We are not able to report on the performance of the orchestra, because its music had to share honors in our ears with a particularly reprehensible species of the noise which by no means was tuned to the pitch of the orchestra. By the way, we wish to make an apology to all our readers for a misstatement that we made in our criticism of the last play. In that write-up we stated that about one-third of the audience evidenced not only their inability to appreciate good music but also their utter lack of common decency by their continuous talking throughout the music. Surely none of our readers will refuse to pardon us for a mistake in computation. Instead of one-third we should have said four-fifths of the audience. Having this time had the better vantage point of the audience itself instead of the orchestra pit we have been able to correct this mistake. Why isn't something done about the talking during the playing of the orchestra at every program? It is true of course that all cannot enjoy the same kind of music, but courtesy and deference to the rights of others demand silence at such times. The general policy here seems to be complete regulation; why not some regulation in this regard? Is this student body to be known as a conglomeration of uncouth boors or as a group of cultured gentlemen?

CAMPUS

Locals

To put aside the cares of student life and retire into one's own soul; to know one's self as one is, is one of life's most poignant necessities. That was the purpose of the retreat from the evening of December fourth to the morning of December eighth. Vocal silence reigned on the campus; prayer and meditation were knights in waiting. Classes and activities were forgotten for these few days while everyone occupied himself with a kaleidoscopic view of his inner self.

In language simple but beautiful, in tones forceful yet kindly, the Reverend Lionel Pire, C.PP.S., set forth the fundamental principles that should govern the life of every Catholic young man. His words found their way into the hearts of everyone, and when the retreat closed each soul was filled with the satisfaction and joy that results from a good thing well done.

After the Solemn High Mass on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception the Very Reverend Ignatius A. Wagner, C.PP.S., Provincial, received the following new members into the Community of the Precious Blood: Edmund Ryan, Lawrence Heiman, William Curosh, Edward Homco, Frederick Hanpeter, Norbert Sweeterman, Norman Schmock, George Sheehan, Benedict Staudt, George Fey, Charles Rueve, Francis Hodous, Peter Brickner, John Bannon, Otto Diller, Lawrence Moriarity, James Hinton, James

Birkley, George Moorman, Luke Knapke, Paul Weber, Joseph Scheuer, Ernest Lukas, Joseph Sciulli. Lawrence Nypaver was invested with the cassock.

From the solemn intonation of the Veni Creator which introduced the ceremonies to the concluding Te Deum they were very impressive. Perhaps most stirring was the kiss of welcome bestowed by the Provincial upon each young man who made his temporary promise of fidelity.

To the new members of the Precious Blood Community the COLLEGIAN extends heartiest congratulations.

Amid soft lights and sweet music the initial basketball pep meeting got under way. This, however,

Pep Meeting was the end of the soft lights and sweet music, for "Rosy" Glorioso, toastmaster for the evening, called out the cheer leaders who promptly started the fireworks. Some timely remarks by the coach followed before "Rosy" obligingly contributed a few quaint ones taken from Ancient History and then yielded the floor to the "Star Dusters," who tore the heart out of "Dodging a Divorcee" (Please don't misplace the article.) As an added feature Joe Anthamatten tied himself in knots and swung himself around the horizontal bar like a drum major whirls his baton. Hats off to you, Joe! "Rosy" still had a few anecdotes to get off his chest. When the roar of laughter had died away, the students with a resounding cheer pledged their support to the team through thick and thin. Let's keep up that old St. Joe spirit!

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

Our cage boys sure can zing 'em,
As lightly they do fling 'em;
A basket here, a basket there,
A basket made from anywhere.

All through the game we'll cheer 'em;
The teams they play will fear 'em;
To coach and men our strength we'll lend
As they good old St. Joe defend.

—

After an absence of a year from St. Joe, the smiling countenance of "Cy" Gaffney is again seen in the classroom, in the study hall and on the campus. His uncanny cage skill is again evidenced on the basketball court. Welcome back, "Cy," and the best of luck from everyone.

—

GENERAL WARNING! Don't dare "Doc" Mudd to do anything, because he will do it regardless of what it is. One fine day while lolling in room 122, "Doc" picked up one of Kenney's coveted radio tubes and asked for a dare to drop it. He readily received the dare. "Doc" nonchalantly let it drop. While

Kenney tore his hair in rage "Doc" took another tube and started juggling it, trying to catch it behind his back. Tossing it up, he stuck his hand behind his back and then looked down at the floor waiting for the tube to break as he knew he couldn't catch anything. Contrary to his expectations it hit his elbow and bounced into his hand. Still not to be outdone, "Doc" took the same tube, heaved it and let it smash.

Poor Kenney's tubes they are no more,
For "Doc" he smashed them on the floor.

—

NOTICE! Bottle of peroxide missing from the chem. lab. "Teeters," do you know anything about this?

—

Dorsten crooned "Me and the Moon" so often during Thanksgiving vacation that we are sure this melody will win the sweepstakes next week.

—

Kenney has noble ambitions of finishing reading *David Copperfield* by June. May you write finis to your endeavor, Henry.

T.S. '39
R.S. '39



SPORTS

ST. JOE SCORES INITIAL VICTORY 40 - 20

St. Joseph's quintet proved to the satisfaction of all interested in the team that they have something on the ball by defeating Taylor University, Upland, Indiana, on the latter's floor, Dec. 1. It was the Cardinal five's first game, and the decisive score of 40 - 20 is enough proof of the team's strength.

Although the score would indicate that the Cards were extremely hot, such was not the case. The boys, still lacking perfect co-ordination, muffed passes; poor ball handling marred an otherwise perfect evening. At the half the score was only 15 - 10, the timely shots of "Spooks" Shank and Dick Scharf having accounted for this slight margin. Taylor gave St. Joe quite a scare in the earlier minutes of the second half, moving up to a position where they were only two points behind, 22 - 20. Then, however, a barrage of quick short passes soon proved Taylor's complete rout; the St. Joe boys began hitting from all angles. They forged into a lead which they never after relinquished.

Coach De Cook has built up a fine tall team this year. The squad averages six feet. He has used Dick Scharf and Barney Badke, veterans of last year, as a nucleus of an otherwise green team. Yocis and Michalewicz, two former high school mates, are finding their places rapidly. In Carl Shank, Ray has a center who can jump well and who can handle himself gracefully on a hardwood

floor. This last attribute is no small aid to a center. We look forward to a successful basketball season now that the first game is chalked up in the win column.

—

CARDS BOW TO CENTRAL NORMAL 42 - 26

Judging from the score one might arrive at the conclusion that the Teachers were out to avenge the 2 - 0 defeat we handed them in football. If that was their motivating spirit, they must be given credit for being able to work up to a high emotional pitch. But, lest the impression be gained that it was simply a matter of the aforesaid Teachers jogging down to their basket and tossing them in, let it be known that the Cardinal quintet provided for the first half of the game a brand of competition that was not to be snickered at, but rather to be worried about.

Scharf started the game off with a neat crisp shot. Then Englehart attempted to get in Shank's way, but Carl would have none of it, so he proceeded to remove him. Unfortunately the referee chanced to glance at Shank as he was going about his business with Englehart, and summoning all his manly courage he declared that "Shanga" was guilty of a personal foul. Not wishing to be outdone by his teammate, Williams contributed a field goal. Michalewicz then entered into the spirit of the game by tossing the sphere in such a way that it licked the interior of the net. So

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

the game proceeded with each team taking its turn to shoot until late in the first half, when two chaps, commonly known as Scharf and Michalewicz, decided that this turnabout business was all well and good in its place, but that this was hardly the place for such procedure. Accordingly they both cut loose with two field goals apiece, which together with "Barney" Badke's beautiful long shot, put St. Joe out in front 15 - 9. Amazed by the sudden deviation from the turnabout-fair-play method, the Normal lads also discarded the system as obsolete. In quick succession Morris contributed two long shots and Williams tipped another one through the hoop. At the half the score stood 17 - 15. The heavy side was leaning toward St. Joe.

During the intermission the Teachers became obsessed with the idea that our boys had done them wrong. Consequently they lost no time in righting that wrong. Englehart dropped one through; Morris connected from some distance; Williams went on a bender which netted him four field goals. These, coupled with Englehart's eight charity tosses, six of which he made, skyrocketed the Normal score to 35 before the Cards made a point. Normal's second team entered the game at this point, and they too kept firing away at the basket but with much less accuracy. The Cards finally pulled themselves together and staged a gallant offensive, but the game ended before they could make any serious threat.

Both teams were ragged and without polish. Personal fouls were numerous: seventeen committed by the Cards: ten by the Teachers. Had the Cards displayed the same defensive in the second

half as they did in the first, the score would have been more equal. As it was, however, they went to pieces and collected themselves only after the damage had been effected.

ST. JOE OUTSHOOTS HUNTINGTON 37 - 34

Led by the steady sharpshooting of Scharf and Badke, the St. Joe five won their second game of the year. In the opening half the local boys dominated the play, at one time holding a 20 - 5 lead. Toward the end of this period, however, the Huntington lads began to hit so well that when the initial gun barked they had climbed to fifteen points and at the same time held our score down to twenty-five.

During the second period it was "even-stein" until the closing minutes; then the Huntington quintet, beginning to really hit, ran the Cardinals off their feet with a fast break which came near proving the home team's undoing. Stellar safety playing on the part of Jerry Yocis broke up the opponents' attack long enough for the Cards to get settled; it was then just a breeze until the end of the battle.

The main reason for the spirited rally on the part of Huntington was the ankle injury which forced "Spooks" Shank to retire from the fray. After he left the floor Huntington controlled the ball off the backboard. But as Shank's sprained ankle will not keep him out of the game long there is not much cause for alarm in the St. Joe camp.

That both teams had a high number of personals shows that the game was decidedly rough. It was further characterized by marked improvement in teamwork on the part of our boys, who, how-

SPORTS

ever, still have a lot of room for improvement. As someone remarked, "It looked more like a marble tournament than a basketball game." Be that as it may, as long as the boys keep bettering their teamwork there is no cause for kicking, and that is exactly what they are doing: they are hitting 666 now.

the work for the younger generation; Voll and Manderbach, for the grownups. If some of the neighboring high school quintets, too, are looking for fish in this fighting-five stream they will have to do cautious casting. Game fish, yes! But how they steal the bait.

	Shooting Stars*			
	F.G.	F.T.	P.F.	T.P.
Scharf	16	3	6	35
Badke	8	9	8	25
Shank	7	2	9	16
Michalewicz	5	4	5	14
Yocis	4	3	4	11
Rose	0	1	4	1
Moran	0	1	0	1

* These are tabulations on the first three games played, Taylor, Central Normal, and Huntington. The COLLEGIAN will keep an accurate account of the standings of the various players in the issues to come. Battle it out, boys, for the honorable positions.

RESERVES LOSE TO HIGH SCHOOL

The college reserves expected fish, but the high school varsity pulled a surprise piece of bacon out of the hat in a curtain raiser for the Huntington game. This they took home and placed on the table, 18 - 14. Ormsby and Waddle did most of

St. Joseph's College
Basketball Schedule

1936 - 1937

(Games marked H are on home floor.)

December

- 1st. Tue. Taylor University
- 5th. Sat. Central Normal College
- 9th. Wed. Huntington College — H
- 12th. Sat. Valparaiso University
- 19th. Sat. Rose Polytechnic — H

January

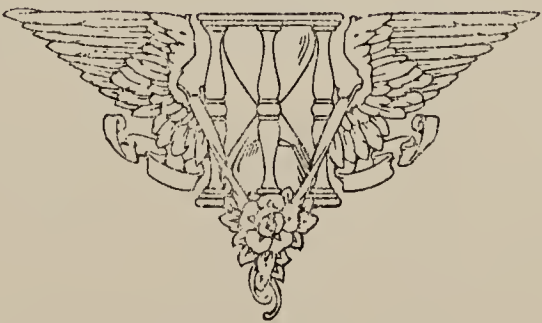
- 16th. Sat. Joliet College
- 21st. Thu. Central Normal College—H
- 26th. Tue. Manchester College

February

- 6th. Sat. Huntington College
- 10th. Wed. Manchester College — H
- 13th. Sat. Valparaiso University — H
- 17th. Wed. Rose Polytechnic
- 20th. Sat. Concordia College
- 20th. Sat. Joliet College — H
- 27th. Sat. Concordia College

March

- 3rd. Wed. Taylor University — H



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Jan. 22 - 23

Warner Oland
"CHARLIE CHAN AT THE OPERA"

Jan. 24 - 25 - 26

Greta Garbo — Robert Taylor in
"CAMILLE"

Jan. 27 - 28

Edmund Lowe — Florence Rice in
"UNDER COVER OF NIGHT"

Jan. 29 - 30

Spanky McFarland
"GENERAL SPANKY"

Jan. 31, Feb. 1 - 2

Bobby Breen
"RAINBOW ON THE RIVER"

THE PALACE

Jan. 17 - 18 - 19

Warner Bros'.
"GOLD DIGGERS OF 1937"

Jan. 24 - 25 - 26

Eleanor Powell — James Stewart in
"BORN TO DANCE"

Jan. 31, Feb. 1 - 2

Johnny Weissmuller in
"TARZAN ESCAPES"

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